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IN accordance with custom the new President has asked the present Cabinet to remain at its tasks. Also in accordance with custom the Cabinet will probably stay together until the new Administration is firmly established. Then, as in the past, some resignations will be in order. We sincerely hope that they will include those of Messrs. Daugherty, Hughes, and Hoover. Mr. Daugherty's going is desirable from every point of view. For the other two the opportunity to resign ought to be looked upon as a chance to free themselves from an utterly impossible situation. We refer, of course, to the advice they gave to their fellow-citizens who favor the League of Nations to vote for Mr. Harding as the surest way to get the country into the League. Were these gentlemen thin-skinned or sensitive they must have resigned long ago—especially when Mr. Harding declared that the United States should never, never enter the League, and when the late President took three separate positions as to the World Court. As long as they remain in the Cabinet they are unmistakably in the position of men who gave false advice and profited by it. More than that, both of these gentlemen are still candidates for the Presidency. They will both be free to nurse their little booms if they now retire from official life. Certainly no one could accuse them of disloyalty to President Coolidge if they should leave and openly announce their ambitions; he has no claim upon the party or upon them. And the Cabinet would be the better off for the change—even if mentally inferior men should succeed them.

FOR wire tapping, that is "listening in" on a military telephone wire, three men were sentenced to death, two to hard labor for life, one to prison for five years with an impossible fine, and one to prison for three years with a similar fine. No, interested reader, this incredible severity was not an act of the Germans in the heat and passion of war during their occupation of Belgian territory. No, indeed. It was the act of a French court-martial at Werden, Germany, on July 31, 1923, in a territory occupied by the French by violence in time of peace. If we could imagine the situation reversed, every American newspaper would be raving about German barbarity and brutality. The welkin would be ringing with protests; we doubt not that there would be mass-meetings of execration. Instead, the American press pays almost no attention to this amazing incident, which is but one of many such. One New York paper headed the item, which it cut in half, "Stiff Sentences in the Ruhr." The New York *Herald* and the New York *World* omitted it altogether. Is it any wonder that the American public is failing to understand what is happening in the Ruhr?

SINCE Premier Baldwin's brave utterance on Anglo-French relations in the Commons, approved by Ramsay MacDonald on behalf of the Opposition as heralding a forward policy, nothing has happened. The promised publication of the documents in the recent exchange of opinions has at this writing not taken place. France is thus successful in her deliberate program of delaying the game in the hope that a German collapse—so confidently predicted by Poincaré to take place on May 1 or May 31 at the latest—will end the whole matter. From London come only rumors of a coming conversation between Curzon and Poincaré; otherwise the British lion appears as helpless as the netted king of beasts who was freed by the mouse. Meanwhile the German collapse is approaching with the mark at a million for fifty cents or less, and General Degoutte is playing his last card—he has threatened to take over and operate every mine, furnace, and factory in the Ruhr. That is a foolish proposal certain to fail of its purpose, but barbarously certain to plunge the Ruhr into final misery. Already a spokesman of the German industrialists declares they will ruin the Ruhr rather than submit to this. So France steadily pulls down the pillars of civilization, glorying in her shame, reveling in her position of military dictator of Europe, and too infatuated with her theory of force to understand that it leads but to the grave.

WE have signed a treaty of amity and commerce with Turkey; it is called a triumph for the diplomatic genius of the American people. Every commercial concession seems to be safeguarded by flawless phraseology. Not that the treaty mentions concessions; but a labyrinth of most-favored-nation clauses covers the case. The opium-

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restriction convention is, however, omitted; the guaranties for the protection of minorities, such as the precious Armenians, are virtually nil; the troublesome question of war claims is "reserved" for further consideration. In other words, the shibboleths of sentiment, of so-called "honor" and "idealism" are forgotten, but we are to be permitted to do business as usual with Turkey and to treat the Turks as human beings. Mr. Hughes did not insist that Turkey modify its laws or change its form of government. Like a practical man he took what he could get. It is to be hoped that his representatives in Mexico City will be as gentlemanly and matter-of-fact as Mr. Grew at Lausanne. Russian-American relations would gain by similar treatment.

I think I may flatter myself, gentlemen, that I have always been a faithful partisan of the Franco-British alliance. Before the war, at a time when there were in France some who more or less openly aimed at a policy of *rapprochement* with Germany, which would have meant officially consecrating the Treaty of Frankfurt and definitely abandoning Alsace-Lorraine, I was always of those who urged, on the contrary, a close union between the two great free nations of western Europe.—M. Poincaré at Senlis, July 15.

M. POINCARE has indeed the right to flatter himself, if flattery it be, that he always opposed a policy of friendship with Germany and hoped, expected, and prepared for war. But is he not giving aid and comfort to the nationalist Germans when he thus praises a defeated nation for seeking alliances in the hope of breaking the treaties which consecrate its defeat? After all, he only shows that his fine words about the sanctity of treaties are but the usual politician's hypocrisy. Treaties which he happens to like are sacred to him; treaties which he does not like are mere scraps of paper.

IN the House of Commons' debate on Singapore the Admiralty spokesmen made out, technically, a fair case. To the charge that at the Washington Conference Great Britain "kept the ace of Singapore up her sleeve," Colonel Amery replied that the very choice of the meridian of 110° as the limit of the neutral zone made it clear that it was not proposed to exclude Singapore from the possibility of being made a naval base. Again, he dealt with the suggestion that this new scheme was aimed at Japan by advising his critics to consult a large-scale map, from which they would see that Singapore was as far from Yokohama as Gibraltar from Boston. Moreover, if England had had any aggressive designs against Japan, she would never have agreed to an arrangement that deprived her of the effective use of Hong Kong, which was much nearer. All the same, a naval base is not constructed merely as an ornament to the landscape. If the Singapore base is not aimed at Japan, who is the prospective foe? Can it be Holland? The Dutch are now discussing a navy bill for which the necessity of countering the British plans is put forward as one of the main arguments. The Dutch East Indies are not so very distant from the Straits Settlements. The moral advantage in the debate was surely with George Lambert, late Civil Lord of the Admiralty, who pleaded: "Let us give the Washington Treaty a chance and afford a breathing-space to the Angel of Peace."

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING and Admiral William L. Rogers seem to be doing their best to convince the country that the only way out of militarism is to abolish the army and the navy and put the fighting men to work at other jobs. General Pershing told an audience at Del Monte, California, the other day that not only the men but the women of the country should be trained in military tactics. They would be needed, he felt, to suppress "Red" activities. This may seem like the ne plus ultra of nonsense, but that grizzled sea-dog, Admiral Rogers, succeeded in surpassing it at Williamstown. Admiral Rogers objected to the slogan "Law—Not War." He could see no difference between law and war. "War," he said, "is the agency whereby law is made to prevail." We find this a little difficult to understand. Law implies an accepted code; war is the effort of one government to force its own will on another. Would Admiral Rogers hold the invasion of Belgium an act of law? The fact is that as long as we have an army and a navy its chiefs will invent nonsense to justify their jobs, and otherwise sane people will listen patiently, somehow believing that because a man wears a bit of tinsel on his shoulder he must know what he is talking about.

OKLAHOMA is having another one of its periodic political fits. The Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, supported by the railroad brotherhoods and the farmer organizations, last year won for "Jack" Walton the Democratic nomination for governor. After the primaries, their funds were exhausted. Walton accepted help from oil men who could hardly be expected to be sympathetic with a Farmer-Labor program. After the victory came the great inaugural barbecue when Governor Walton, obviously subsidized by someone, provided 289 whole beeves, and hogs, sheep, bears, turkey, opossum, chickens in proportion, to help his constituents celebrate. Labor and the farmers seemed to like it. They still liked it when he had George Wilson, late organizer of the Farmer-Labor League, named president of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College. Wilson, it seems, was a real dirt farmer, but the Legion and the Klan denied his loyal patriotism, and a few highbrow Oklahomans took exception because he had no college degree. Then Walton's ambition grew and he began cultivating the friendship of those who might finance a Senatorial campaign. He removed Wilson after swearing that he would stand by him; worst of all, in Oklahoma eyes, he let himself be photographed in knickers on a golf links; he denounced the League, and the League denounced him. The Oklahoma *Leader*, his past supporter, drew this lesson:

What happened to J. C. Walton is happening to politicians all over the world. No man can serve two masters. No man can serve God and mammon. No man can take money from the rich and votes from the poor without becoming a traitor to one or the other.

CUBA'S legislature has, by an almost unanimous vote, adopted a resolution condemning the American Government for interference in Cuban internal affairs and has passed a lottery bill of which General Crowder, the American Ambassador to Cuba, disapproves. The result is another crisis; General Crowder has been summoned to Washington for a conference, and a new intervention is threatened. There was one crisis last summer, when Cuba showed a certain reluctance to pass the set of financial reform bills which had been prepared for her in Washington. But at that time Cuba was in dire financial need, and the bills were forced through. A second crisis occurred last April, when President Zayas permitted four able ministers

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who were virtually appointees of General Crowder to resign. Meanwhile, however, a syndicate of New York banks had floated a $50,000,000 loan to Cuba, the price of sugar had risen, and Cuba was no longer an impotent mendicant. Today Cuba has a surplus of $12,000,000 in her treasury, and is seeking to repay part of the New York loan in advance. The financial reform bills are largely responsible for the improvement in Cuba's position, but she has little gratitude. Quite naturally; for no people likes to have reform bills poured down its throat like a dose of castor oil. Today Cuba wants to return to her traditional lottery, and there is no good reason apart from our Anglo-Saxon missionary zeal to make everybody else like ourselves, why she should not do so if she wants to. But there are effective if not good reasons why Cuba obeys General Crowder's whims: 75 per cent of Cuba's foreign trade is with the United States, more than a billion dollars of American money is invested in Cuba, and Uncle Sam's navy is accustomed to practising on Latin American peoples.

Foreign tourists, forgetting they are our guests and therefore bound to respect our customs and our laws, recently on several occasions have forcibly manifested their aversion to seeing colored men born in the French colonies sit by their side in public places. They even have gone to the length of demanding their expulsion in insulting terms. If such incidents are repeated, punishment will be exacted.—Note issued by the French Foreign Office, July 31, 1923.

NOT often in recent months have we been tempted to throw up our hats and cheer because of a statement of French policy. But this reply to the boorish conduct of some white Americans in Paris is a worthy statement of a noble French tradition. The French habit is to judge a man by his worth, not by the color of his skin. We abhor the French policy of spreading militarism into black Africa —not because we fear Africa, however, but because we hate militarism. Black men sit in the French Chamber of Deputies and black men hold high positions in the French civil service—and hold their positions by virtue of their honest achievements. For prejudiced Americans to attempt to eject black citizens of France from French cafes, to refuse to ride on French buses which carry colored soldiers of France, and even to throw such men off the buses, is a flagrant form of provincialism which merits punishment. We should like to have our own Government, which conscripts, taxes, and punishes its Negro citizens, show as decent a respect for human beings regardless of skin color —by disciplining, for instance, the upstart young second lieutenant who recently informed Negro applicants that they could not be received into the summer military camps.

PAWNBROKERS and dealers in precious stones need to give careful study not only to the laws and police regulations affecting their trades, but to the provisions of the peace treaties. Otherwise they may, all unawares, get into trouble as receivers of stolen goods. The widowed ex-Empress Zita, of Austria, purposes selling the Florentine diamond to an American, in order to provide a livelihood for herself and her children. It ought to bring in a decent sum, as it is one of the clearest and most brilliant large gems known, and weighs 139½ carats. But the Italian Government has issued a warning that any such sale will be null and void. This valuable gaud was originally one of the crown jewels of Tuscany, and it went to the Hapsburgs in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the husband of Maria Theresa acquired it with the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which he obtained in exchange for Lorraine shortly after his marriage. The Treaty of St. Germain specifically requires these jewels to be restored to Italy, so the ex-Empress no longer has a lawful title to any of them. Singularly enough, the Italian Government does not seem to be anxious to make her return the diamond; the sole object of concern is that it shall not get into any one else's hands. This incident sets one speculating on the future of the Kohinoor, the brightest jewel in the British crown. It came to Queen Victoria in 1849 through the conquest of the Punjab. In the event of India's separation from the British Empire, will the terms of settlement send it traveling back to the East again?

A COMMITTEE called by the Newark Museum Association is sending out an appeal to all interested in the application of artistic designing to articles of common use. The decay of the handicrafts, according to this organization, is due to the low esteem in which the designer and fashioner of beautiful homely things are held among us. Thirty and even twenty-five years ago immigrant craftsmen supplied our wants. The younger generation, mostly American-born, refuse to apply their talents since there is no reward in either money or appreciation. An American maker of excellent pottery, for instance, feels compelled to put a French label on his product, which obviously is not encouraging to the craftsmen who made the designs. Those who are almost daily offended by what seems the deliberate hideousness of articles of common use will give their cordial support to Mr. John Cotton Dana, the director of the Newark Museum, and his associates in their inquiry and their effort. It is as cheap to produce a well-shaped jug or pot or electric fixture as an ill-shaped one, and these things influence and educate the eyes more than is commonly realized.

WE note with regret many indications lately of the decay of banditry. The death of Pancho Villa removed the foremost practitioner of the profession in North America and now Bandit Raisuli, whose name for twenty years has been printed in red ink in "Who's Who in Morocco," has gone and got married. Mr. Raisuli laid the basis of his fame and fortune by capturing and holding for ransom an American, Ion Perdicaris, later taking into camp a British subject, Kaid McLean. For many years after he did a thriving business playing Spanish against French and the Moors against both. His capture and his reform have been reported as many times as the collapse of Soviet Russia. We have never believed that either catastrophe had overtaken him, but now he is married and, sadly, we accept the incontestability of both. Not that we had conceived of Mr. Raisuli as a woman-hater. But when banditry was in flower the method of a man who craved the society of a woman was to carry her away by the hair. To have a ceremony, to have it reported in the newspapers, and to have it told by cable that "many wedding presents were sent by the tribesmen" means the end of Mr. Raisuli's old ways. Perhaps bobbed hair is to blame, making difficult the old way of carrying away a woman. Or perhaps it is just that industrialism is taking the joy out of banditry as out of other things. Unless Bandit Raisuli wishes to give up entirely and lead an honest life, we see no future for him except to come to America and go into business.

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Warren G. Harding

A GENIAL, kindly, well-meaning, lovable man, typical of a large group of Americans—this was President Harding. Every one who met him was attracted to his personality. To this favorable impression his fine appearance contributed not a little. Nobody could have been seen to better physical advantage than Mr. Harding on such state occasions as the burial of the unknown soldier and the opening of the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. He was then both dignified and impressive. Moreover, after the presidency of Woodrow Wilson, it was a profound relief to have in the highest public office a man to whom one could make an appeal to the heart. The very fact that he had risen from humble origins, that most of his life had been spent in a small town characteristic of the Middle West, gave him a fellow-feeling for the plain American of which no rise in situation could deprive him. That kindliness and understanding made him release Eugene Debs, made him feel sympathy for many victims of the passions of the war, and disposed him generally to a kindly view of the world and its people. It is this quality of generous good-will for which Mr. Harding will, we believe, be chiefly remembered; it is with this that the saga we build up about our Presidents will largely concern itself when time deals with Warren Harding—precisely as William McKinley is remembered for his amiable personal qualities.

If one could stop here it would be a pleasure. But he who would record contemporary truths cannot afford either to paint but one side of the picture or to color the whole with that feeling of compassion for Mrs. Harding and the poignant regret and sorrow which every American must have felt when he read that not wholly unexpected news from San Francisco. The fact is that as President Mr. Harding was much to be pitied. He was pitchforked into the position not by the pre-nomination votes of large groups of his fellow-countrymen, but as a result of the final secret confab of a few machine leaders in a private parlor in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. Not by training nor by antecedents nor by knowledge was he equal to his position, in which he could hardly keep abreast of the current work. To map out any really constructive policies was beyond him. The defects of his amiability made themselves felt hourly, for he found it harder and harder to take a position and stick to it—witness his three several positions upon the question of American participation in the new World Court.

In domestic problems he was as helpless as every similar Republican President is certain to be, being bound and pinioned by the historic party policies and that invisible big-business control which constitutes the real government of the country. He was aware that the times were out of joint; yet he had no remedies to suggest save the old salves and cures that were supposed to work wonders thirty-five years ago. So far as the situation of the world is concerned, Mr. Harding's incumbency of the presidential office, together with the dominant influence exerted by Messrs. Hughes and Hoover in foreign affairs, has been a dreadful misfortune.

Never has there been such an urgent, world-wide call for American leadership, never such a wonderful opportunity for the American President to lead the world to paths of peace and of sanity. With Europe sinking rapidly into ruin, as the British Prime Minister has just again declared, it is hard for us to understand how Mr. Harding could have held back from insisting upon exerting our enormous influence for a solution of the deadlock because of which civilization itself totters. One word from President Harding, and the French would never have entered the Ruhr to stain their good name with crimes against humanity which will never be effaced. One word from President Harding would have brought about a conference which under American leadership would have begun with possibilities of success which the European conferences have totally lacked. A proposal for the solution of the reparations problems, not put forth haphazardly by a cabinet officer in a speech to a group of learned men, but carefully worked out by economists with the aid of French and German experts, would not only not have been resented, but must have been widely welcomed by our British allies and by all the neutrals who are now suffering grievously because of the French madness. But the Harding Administration could only mark time. Perhaps it is possible to deduce from Mr. Harding's final state paper, his speech published but not delivered, that after all he was beginning to realize his duty. It is an extraordinary coincidence at least that in this address he declared for closer international relations precisely as William McKinley's last utterance similarly appealed for wider and better trade relations with the rest of the world.

For the rest, President Harding's family and friends may find some consolation in the hour of his going as well as in the absence of all suffering. The remainder of his term could have added nothing to the public's kindly feeling for him personally. Had a successful attempt been made to renominate him he must have experienced the bitterness of repudiation and defeat. That especial tenderness with which Americans think of Presidents who have died in office will always inure to him.

And now the Presidency sinks low, indeed. We doubt if ever before it has fallen into the hands of a man so cold, so narrow, so reactionary, so uninspiring, and so unenlightened, or one who has done less to earn it, than Calvin Coolidge. A child of marvelous fortune, he becomes the thirtieth President of the United States because of a newspaper fiction which falsely presented him to the country as a great and vigorous personality who in a dark and troubled hour had saved Boston from a strike misrepresented as a wanton blow at law and order by some of its duly constituted authorities. In an hour when America aches for constructive leadership of a broad and liberal kind its official destinies are to rest for a year and a half in the hands of one whose writings and public utterances reveal no spark of originality, no vision, no tolerance, no sympathy with progress and advance. Every reactionary may today rejoice; in Calvin Coolidge he realizes his ideal, and every liberal must be correspondingly downcast. Fortunately, there are checks and balances in Washington; the Congress still lives. Fortunately, in this case, the President is not today a free agent. Fortunately, not even the prestige of the office will conceal the intellectual nakedness of a man whom a Minnesota audience refused last year to listen to after a brief taste of his discourse.

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Calvin Coolidge: Made by a Myth

CALVIN COOLIDGE is President of the United States because of a fiction. A fiction lifted him overnight from the comparative obscurity of State politics into national view and gave him the reputation which led to his nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1920.

In 1919 the public was given to understand that Mr. Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, had broken the Boston police strike and restored order to a helpless and crime-menaced city by his courage, firmness, and patriotism in calling out the State militia. Calvin Coolidge was hailed as a savior of the nation from the forces of disintegration and disorder. Since Mr. Coolidge has succeeded to the Presidency the story has been retold by nearly every newspaper in the country; it is the cornerstone of his career. The only flaw is that it rests on about the same foundation of historical truth as the legend of George Washington and the cherry tree. The police strike was broken by public opinion, led by a business-controlled press, while order was restored by militia in Boston called out by Andrew J. Peters, the mayor. Governor Coolidge sat discreetly on the fence until he saw on which side public sentiment was gathering. When this had manifested itself distinctly against the police, and after Boston's danger had been averted, Governor Coolidge climbed down from the fence on the side with the crowd and issued a bombastic proclamation needlessly mobilizing the entire State Guard.

In recounting this today we are not actuated by hostility toward Mr. Coolidge personally. Amid the flood of sentimentality and banality that is filling our daily press it is right that some people should know that the reputation by virtue of which he has risen to our highest public office rests upon a fiction. Nor is what we have to say an expression of editorial opinion. It is drawn from Document 108, 1919, of the city of Boston, in which in 5,000 words a citizens' committee tells without comment the story of the police strike. This committee was not a body of radicals or of partisans. It was appointed, it is true, by a Democratic Mayor, and its chairman, James J. Storrow, of Lee, Higginson, and Company, was of like political faith, but its other members were of various parties, including leading lawyers, bankers, and merchants. The president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce was on its executive committee, and its report was indorsed by a special resolution of that body. Its findings have never been disputed by Mr. Coolidge; but (oh, irony of history!) they were withheld from the public until a month after the police strike was over; until accidental and purposeful misrepresentation in the press had established the Coolidge myth throughout the country.

This citizens' committee was appointed in August, 1919, when a police strike had become imminent. It worked out a plan that was apparently acceptable to all parties and sought the assistance of the Governor. The Police Department of Boston is part not of the city but of the State government, and the Commissioner is appointed and removable by the Governor. It would seem, therefore, that a statesmanlike Governor would have been trying to prevent a strike, but when his cooperation was sought Mr. Coolidge replied, "that he felt it was not his duty to communicate with the commissioner on the subject." On Sunday, September 7, with the police trouble at a crisis, the committee sought another meeting with Mr. Coolidge, but the "law and order" Governor was not in Boston, and the committee was not able even to ascertain his whereabouts. The next day, in the words of the committee:

> The Mayor, in cooperation with the members of your committee, again endeavored to obtain a conference with the Governor, and such a conference was arranged to take place early in the evening of that day. At that time the commissioner had taken final action in regard to the police officials. . . . Your Honor and the members of your committee emphasized the prospective seriousness of the situation which would result from the absence of the great majority of patrolmen, and expressed their strong conviction as to the necessity of troops to the number of not less than three to four thousand to be present in Boston on the following day at 5:45 p. m., either upon the streets or ready in the armories.

To this plea the Governor sent a formal answer the next day. It is sufficient to reproduce merely the final sentence: "I am unable to discover any action that I can take." To quote again from the report of the citizens' committee:

> The volunteer police were not called to duty until Wednesday morning. On Tuesday evening, September 9, riots, disorders, and robbery occurred, and on Wednesday morning, September 10, Your Honor assumed temporary control of the Police Department, acting under the statute of 1885, section 6, chapter 323, which gives Your Honor the power to do so, tumult having then occurred. Your Honor also immediately called out that part of the State Guard located in Boston, which you then had authority to do, and requested the Governor to order out three additional regiments of infantry.

Then follow these brief, illuminating, and, for Mr. Coolidge, annihilating sentences: "By Thursday morning order had been generally restored in the city. On Thursday afternoon, September 11, the Governor assumed control of the situation, as indicated by his proclamation of that day."

By way of explanation it is necessary to add only that, up to the actual moment of the policemen's walk-out and the disorder and danger in which Boston found itself in consequence, public sentiment seemed to be pretty evenly divided on the merits of the issue. Then it swung sharply and unmistakably against the policemen. The Governor, who up to that moment had been unwilling to assist in preventing the strike, who had not had troops in the streets to prevent lawlessness after the police walked out, who had left it to the Mayor to call out the National Guard in Boston to protect the city, now took his first public action. On the afternoon of September 11, after the trend of public sentiment was unmistakable, and after "order had been generally restored in the city," the following proclamation appeared:

> The entire State Guard of Massachusetts has been called out. Under the constitution the Governor is the commander-in-chief thereof by an authority of which he could not, if he chose, divest himself. That command I must and will exercise. Under the law I hereby call upon all the police of Boston who have loyally and in a never-to-be-forgotten way remained on duty to aid me in the performance of my duty in the restoration of order in the City of Boston, and each of such officers is required to act in obedience to such orders as I may hereafter issue or cause to be issued.
>
> I call on every citizen to aid me in the maintenance of law and order. CALVIN COOLIDGE, Governor

Such are the facts upon which rests one of the most remarkable political myths of our time, a legend by the grace of which Calvin Coolidge has become President of the United States.

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Political Confusion

PRESIDENT HARDING'S death creates no new political confusion; it merely reveals the appalling lack of issues in American politics. When it was understood that Mr. Harding would run again for office the politicians felt familiar ground under their feet; they did not have to argue issues but could talk personalities. Was one for or against Mr. Harding? It did not much matter who or what manner of man the Democratic candidate might be—he would be ag'in' the government, and the Republicans would have to defend the government's every act. To such a campaign the Democrats looked forward with unadventurous satisfaction; they anticipated another election by disgust, like that of 1920, and the fact that they would find themselves after victory as faltering and uncertain what victory meant did not disturb them. Nor did the old-guard Republicans much fear such a defeat. The Democrats would have no policy, and the country would soon weary of them and send the Republicans back to office again, after the time-honored tradition of alternating Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

A President has died, and the politicians are scuttling about as madly as a host of ants when their protecting stone has been overturned. Trusted political charts have overnight become worthless. The politicians do not know where to turn. Their intellectual nakedness is distressingly apparent. The fact is revealed in all its tragic simplicity that national politics in these United States have become a meaningless treadmill, that there is no essential difference, apart from personalities, between the two great national parties, and that neither is making any serious attempt to understand the groundswell of the age, to seek out the economic causes of the farmers' distress, to discover the sources of labor's unrest, to look ahead, or lead the way. Republicans and Democrats alike seek only political tranquillity, some empty issue—like the tariff (in which one party defends a protective policy to equalize costs of production, and the other says the same thing in different words and more frankly) or the world court (which cannot possibly affect the present distress of this continent or Europe).

It is a healthy thing that we should have this spectacle revealed to us. A President who confessedly had as little personal policy as possible, who asked not to lead but preferred to be led, has died—and there is nothing left. The grand old Republican Party stands before us, as significant as a telephone directory, a meaningless hodge-podge of men whose minds run in contrary directions, including Judge Gary and Senator La Follette, Leonard Wood and the North Dakota Nonpartisan Leaguers, Hiram Johnson and Elihu Root, Secretary Hughes and Smith W. Brookhart. There is not an issue worthy of the name upon which these men agree. Nor is the Democratic Party of more meaning as an organization. It cannot decide whether it will nominate a "wet" Catholic governor or the "dry" Senator from one of the Ku-Kluxedest of southern States, the son-in-law of an ex-president or a manufacturer guiltless of a political past. "Anyone to win" is the motto of both big parties. They mean nothing, they stand for nothing, they have no platform. So far as the real life of the country goes they are corpses blocking the road to progress.

There are forces astir that would remove these corpses from the road. The progressive movement of the Middle West, solidly footed in an economic alliance of farmers and city workingmen, has shown its power in Minnesota. The powers of reaction are attempting to break that alliance, and the death of Mr. Harding gives them new hope and a new opportunity.

There can be little doubt that the Old Guard in the Republican Party is already casting about for a candidate who can wear the label "progressive" and wean away the liberal voters while yet remaining "safe." Neither La Follette nor Borah will be nominated—they are too independent; they are not "safe." Let us not be deceived by any Medill McCormick or Hiram Johnson wearing about his brow the halo of the Progressive Armageddon of 1912. 1912 lies eleven years behind us, and most of the warriors of that day have crept back to safer camps, while some, like Senator Borah, who played safe in 1912, have shown a new readiness for political adventure. Hiram Johnson encourages the tradition that he is the St. George who downed the Southern Pacific dragon in California. But some Californians insist that the dragon is still alive and active, and that it seems dead only because the senior Senator has ceased shouting about it. Senator Johnson showed his old courage when he took up the fight against the Treaty of Versailles at a time when that fight seemed hopeless, but his struggle against an iniquitous treaty is today little more than a doctrine of national isolation, and the European issue seems dangerously like a red herring obscuring his party loyalty on the tariff and other acts of devotion to the Old Guard.

Perhaps more likely and more dangerous is the nomination of some good man without too definite a political record like Senator Pepper or Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. These are good men, but the time has passed when good individuals suffice. Good men are the stock in trade of old-line politicians. It is an ancient trick to nominate a good man, an "independent' 'in politics, when the party hacks become discredited and the meaninglessness of party shibboleths becomes too evident. Let us not be deceived by this stale trick. Personalities have too often blurred issues in American politics. The Republican Party is just what it was before President Harding died, and the Democratic Party has not changed since the people turned it out in 1920.

There are real issues at stake; there are things worth voting for. Perhaps our method of political government is incapable of realizing them. Perhaps political government has so encumbered itself with meaningless mechanisms that the machinery of government will—such is the trend in both Europe and America—pass to the economic organizations which already hold the real power behind the political facade. If so, we shall have to confess a defeat for democracy and begin again. Political democracy without the democratization of industry, it has long been plain, is a rather empty achievement. But there has seemed to be a chance worth fighting for that economic lines might make themselves felt in politics and give to the political struggle a reality which it has increasingly lacked. The farmer-labor alliance in the Middle West has been significant precisely because it seemed to foreshadow such an intrusion of economics into politics. If it yields again to mere personalities and fictitious party slogans we shall have to look elsewhere for permanent hope.

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Jim Crow in Texas

By WILLIAM PICKENS

THE classics tell about the tortures invented by the Sicilian tyrants, but the Sicilian genius for cruelty was far inferior to that of the fellow who contrived the Jim Crow car system to harass the colored population of the South. There are tens of thousands of white people in this country who would be uncompromisingly opposed to this exquisite torture if they only understood it. But *they* are not "jim crowed," they have not the experience, and they do not and almost *cannot* understand what the colored brother finds to complain of. Have you noticed how difficult it is to explain a sensation or a pain to some one who never experienced it?

Fourteen States have Jim Crow car laws. Not one of them maintains "equal accommodations" for colored people, although the law generally calls for accommodations "equal in all points of service and convenience," so as to square with the Fifteenth Amendment. Nobody expects the railroads to go to the expense of duplicating their accommodations for the colored, non-voting, minority population. The result is that the colored traffic is usually attached to the general service with the least possible expense: a small waiting-room in one corner of the station, generally unswept and otherwise uncared-for; a compartment in one end of the white men's smoker for all the colored people—men, women, and children—to ride in; generally no wash basin and only one toilet for both sexes; with no privilege of taking meals in the diner or buying a berth in a sleeper. Colored passengers taking a journey of several days must either carry cold food enough to last or else buy the high-priced trash of the newsboy. A colored woman traveling three nights from El Paso, Texas, to Charleston, S. C., with a baby and small children, is compelled to carry cold food and to sit up on straight-backed seats for the whole trip. A colored woman of Portland, Oregon, editor of a paper there, bright, intelligent, and attractive, respected by the best-known white and colored people of the State, was visiting her parents in Texas, carrying her infant and a small child of three years. On their third night's ride, in Texas, she was compelled to get up, dress herself and babies, and vacate her berth because some short-distance white passengers objected to her presence in the car. A colored person who was hurrying from Florida to undergo an operation by an expert in Chicago had to risk death by a twenty-four-hour ride in a Jim Crow day coach. Sick colored people sometimes have to be carried on stretchers in the baggage car.

Let us look at an actual case of Jim Crow, which is typical of practically the whole South. This system is not designed to rid white people of the mere physical presence of the Negro, for a white man who objects to a colored person who rides in the other end of the car may have a colored servant with his family in his end of the car, and this colored servant may sleep in his house and be a wet-nurse for his baby. I shall use the first person singular and attempt to tell of Jim Crow experiences, without exaggeration and without abatement. I sit in a Jim Crow as I write, between El Paso and San Antonio, Texas. The Jim Crow car is not an institution merely to "separate the races"; it is a contrivance to humiliate and harass the colored people and to torture them with a finesse unequaled by the cruelest genius of the heathen world. The cruder genius broke the bodies of individuals occasionally, but Jim Crow tortures the bodies and souls of tens of thousands hourly.

In the last two months I have ridden many thousands of miles in comfortable Pullman reservations out from New York to the great Northwest, with many stops and side trips; then down from Tacoma and past the Golden Gate to the City of the Angels, from the red apples of Spokane to the golden apples of the southwestern Hesperides; and then on by the petrified forest, the great canyon, and through the ancient cliff-dwellings of man to Albuquerque, New Mexico. In Albuquerque I had bought my reservation to El Paso, Texas. El Paso is where the train would enter Texas, and both my tickets terminated there. But so thoroughly is it understood that Jim Crowism is not designed merely to "separate," but also to humiliate, colored passengers that the thing is always in the consciousness of the railway employees, even those who operate in and out of Jim Crow territory, and they begin to "work on you" as soon as you buy a ticket that leads even to the limbo of this hell.

"Well, you can't ride in this car after you get into Texas. You'll have to get out of this car in Texas, and I suppose you know that?" This from the Pullman conductor, in a very gruff and loud voice, so that the whole car might hear him, while he and others stare and glare upon me. His speech is absolutely unnecessary since my tickets call only for El Paso, but the object is to "rub it in." I answered with not a word nor a look, save such mild and indifferent observation as I might bestow upon idiots who should spit at me or lick out their tongues as I passed by their cells of confinement.

In El Paso, because of the miscarriage of a telegram, my friends did not meet the train and I had to call them up and wait till they came down. I was meanwhile shown to the "Negro" waiting-room, a space of about twenty by twenty, away off in one corner of the station structure like a place of quarantine or a veritable hole in the wall. I had to traverse the entire length of the great main waiting-room in order to reach this hole. This main waiting-room has all the conveniences, 'phone booths, ticket offices, and what not. And whom do you suppose I saw in this main waiting-room as I passed through? Not only the "white people," but all the non-American "colored peoples," yellow Chinese, brown Japanese, and the many-colored Mexicans, some dirty with red handkerchiefs around their necks and carrying baskets and bundles with fruits, vegetables, and live chickens. These Mexicans are the people whom the colored soldiers of the Twenty-fourth Infantry held off those white people some years ago. And if we should go to war with Japan the colored American will again be expected to rush forth from that hole in the wall to the defense of his white compatriot. I say all this without the slightest feeling of animosity toward any race, and absolutely without scorn of any human misfortune. I am only stating the case plainly. And when I reached the little humiliating hole assigned to "Negroes," I found there only four or five colored people, all intelligent, not one of them conspicuously unkempt like some of the Mexicans in the main waiting-room. Those Mexicans were being treated

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as human beings, as they should be treated. These colored people knew that this arrangement was not so much for their separation as for their humiliation and attempted degradation, and it formed the burden of their conversation.

I stayed in El Paso two nights and three days. Its colored people are alert to the situation. By means of their automobiles they protected me against the "rear-seat" treatment of the electric street cars. They took me across the shallow Rio Grande into Mexico, just a few hundred yards from Jim Crowism. And over there, bless you, white and black people come out of Texas and gamble at the same table, drink at the same bar, and eat in the same restaurant, while the dark and almost black Mexican stands around as the policeman and the law.

Then I went to buy a ticket for San Antonio. I did not expect to buy a Pullman ticket, but I did expect to buy a day coach ticket on any train. But I found that colored passengers are allowed to go to San Antonio on but one train a day, the one that leaves at night. The morning train carried only Pullmans, and colored folk are made to wait twelve hours longer for the train that carries a Jim Crow compartment. A colored man's mother may be dying in San Antonio, but he must wait. Any Mexican, however, whom the colored infantry fought on the border and did not happen to kill, can ride on any train. Any foreigner, or any foreign spy who happens to be loose in the land, can travel freely, but not the mothers or wives or sisters of the black Americans who fought, bled, and died in France. All the rest of the world, be he an unlettered Mexican peon, an untrammeled Indian, or a representative of the uncivilized "white trash" of the South, can get either train; but the Negro, be he graduate of Harvard or bishop of the church, can go only once daily. Now if the Negro can be limited to once a day while others ride on any train, the Negro can be limited to one day a week while others ride seven, or even to one day a month while others ride thirty.

I took the train that leaves at night. It is a ride of about twenty-four hours. Through friends it had been arranged that I be given a berth, late at night, after all the white people had gone to sleep and could not see me, and perhaps be called early before any of the whites were up. The money was accepted from my friends, even tips, but only the porter was sent to bring me a pillow into the Jim Crow car, and they still have the money. In the morning I went back to see if I could get some breakfast in the dining car, before 7 o'clock, before the whites got hungry. And what did I find as I passed through the whole string of Pullman cars in the rear? All the races of the world, as usual, save only the most loyal of all Americans.

In the Jim Crow car there was but one toilet and washroom, for use of colored women and men. And the Jim Crow car is not a car, mind you, but only the end of a car, part of the white men's smoker, separated from the white smokers only by a partition that rises part of the way from the floor toward the ceiling, so that all the sickening smoke can drift over all night and all day. And yet what do you suppose the colored porter said as he swept out the Jim Crow end this morning? Nobody asked him, he volunteered as he swept: "Well, this is the cleanest floor I have to sweep every morning. Them white folks and Mexicans and things back yonder sho' do mess up the floors!"

When I reached the dining-car there was not another person there. I was asked did I "want anything." I replied briefly, breakfast. Then there was confusion and much conferring between the steward and several colored waiters at the other end of the car. The steward kept glancing at me meanwhile, as if endeavoring to "size me." Finally I was given a seat at the end of the car where the porters eat. Oatmeal, eggs, and postum were brought, and then a green curtain was drawn between me and the rest of the vacant dining-car! Remember, this did not all happen in some insane asylum, but in Texas. The check on which I was to order my food was a green check, a "porter's check," so that I should not need to be treated to such little formalities as an extra plate or a finger bowl. I deliberately wrote my name down in the blank for "porter," but I was charged a passenger's fare. It all meant that I would not eat any more that day, although I was not to reach San Antonio till eight or nine at night.

One must be an idiot not to comprehend the meaning and the aim of these arrangements. There is no such thing as a fair and just Jim Crow system with "equal accommodations," and in very human nature there will never be. The inspiration of Jim Crow is a feeling of caste and a desire to "keep in its place," that is, to degrade, the weaker group. For there is no more reason for a Jim Crow car in public travel than there would be for a Jim Crow path in the public streets. Those honest-souled, innocent-minded people who do not know, but who think that the Jim Crow system of the South is a bona-fide effort to preserve mere racial integrity on a plane of justice are grievously misled. Any man should be permitted to shut out whom he desires from his private preserves, but justice and Jim Crowism in public places and institutions are as far apart and as impossible of union as God and Mammon.

"It Returns Him to You a Better Man"

By ALAN RALPH

TUCKED away among a lot of army odds and ends gathered together directly after receiving my discharge I recently ran across a typewritten letter on "flimsy" from the headquarters of the fort where I had been on duty. During the first hurried reading I smiled, then carefully rereading it laid it aside and thought—and thought. Legions of personal incidents, facts, bits of information, sights came crowding into my mind. Here's the letter in full:

My dear—(next of kin):

In a few days your soldier will receive his honorable discharge and return home.

He is bringing back many fine qualities of body and mind that he has acquired or developed in the military service. The Army has done everything it could to make him fine, strong, self reliant, yet self controlled. It returns him to you a better man.

You have been an important member of that Great Army of Encouragement and Enthusiasm which has helped him and us all to be better soldiers. You can now be a great help in keeping alive those good qualities he is bringing back, in making him as good a citizen as he has been a good soldier.

His fare and necessary expenses to his home will be paid by the Government. He will receive all pay due him. He may, if he wishes, wear his uniform for four months from the date of his discharge. The Government will allow him, for the benefit of his family, to keep up his insurance at the very low rate he is now paying.

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His return to civil life will bring new problems for us both to solve. The qualities he is bringing back will help you, as your encouragement helped him while he was away. In your hands and his rests the future of our country.

As his commanding officer I am proud of him. He has done his duty well. I and his comrades will bid him goodby with deep regret and wish him every success after he returns home, that spot in every man's heart which no other can fill.

Sincerely yours—

Very charming sentiment, very lovely, very fatherly, and all that. But——How much truth in it? What, if any, "fine qualities of body and mind" did you acquire? Are you a better man?

Since the letter mentions qualities of the body first, we'll briefly deal with that question. Immediately I'm willing, yes anxious, to grant that, excluding those chaps who were injured in action, 90 per cent of us gained physical ruggedness and weight; in a number of ways were greatly benefited physically. Beyond a doubt we must have been in splendid condition to have consumed all those vineyards of wine and cellars of cognac. Be that as it may, the regularity and plain substantiality of the food alone soon put and kept in fighting trim many thousands of jaded appetites and wobbly stomachs. True, a gourmand sometimes had reason to complain of the quantity as did the epicure of quality and artistry. However, the American army was mighty well fed.

Speaking of the many fine qualities of mind we are said to have acquired while in the service, I read that sentence to a former major of the Second Division who before the war was a successful banker and yet is. Here's what he had to say: "War of a necessity must be brutal, ruthless, destructive, and demoralizing. How can it be possible for it to develop 'fine qualities' or return a participant a 'better man'? Let's see, that letter doesn't mention the possibility of a man bringing into the service excellent qualities that surely must have 'developed' it. I seem to recall some such men."

This banker, a fine, soldierly appearing man, seemed to invite questions, so I asked him if he would mind telling me in what manner the World War had permanently affected him.

"You ask a thoughtful question," he replied, seeming to weigh each word, "and I grant you a thoughtful answer. Before the war I was moderately successful and I may say that I yet am. But, for one thing, never again can I have that faith and confidence and good fellowship for men—any manner of men—that I had when I entered the service, for during the war I saw many things happen that made me close my eyes and brought a lump to my throat. I don't mean horrible sights of wounded and torn men; I mean something far worse—the sight of cowardice, of degraded humans, of lustful, ravaging men, of cupidity, of terrified, trembling officers upon whose next command depended the lives of hundreds of splendid, brave fellows. Those are the sights I mean. In Fismes, 1918, I saw an American boy, slightly behind his advancing comrades, in a hand-to-hand struggle with a German who had played possum. The boy finally tripped the German and managed to get a bayonet into him before he could get up. And then I saw what I wish I could forget but have many times seen in my dreams. The expression on that youngster's face—well, I just stood there, fascinated. No, in an instant a man may change into a beast. And women into worse."

We were trained to be ruthless. Do you remember when you were a recruit how your French or British sergeant-instructor used to conduct bayonet drill? He used to insist rightfully, that when thrusting, your expression be one of hate, fierce determination, brutality—anything to strike terror into the sawdust heart of the swinging dummy. I could have granted my instructor half the expressions he demanded of me I should have immediately deserted and signed up with David W. Griffith. No, like all the others in line I tried to satisfy that sergeant and miserably failed. But the point is—we tried. That sergeant had seen the expression he wanted us to imitate; we hadn't, and to my present way of thinking for that very reason at that time we were better men than our instructor. But, oh, how we envied him!

During the war life was held cheap, very, very cheap indeed; immorality was flagrant; time-honored moral barriers, traditions, instincts, and safeguards being swept away, acts and actions in civilian life that before the war would have raised a storm of indignation were not bothered with; drinking to excess, especially among the young and those unaccustomed to drink, became a passion. All this is true of civilians at home in their own country, those who merely read of war or were touched by those returning from war. Can it be that those who were very much *in* the the war gained "fine qualities" and returned "better men" and women?

Opinions are so various that I shall pick a few at random. For instance, the wife of my favorite bootblack was vehement in her praise of the army and the virtues it had invested in her Tony. She said: "It'sa make heem fina hoosband, my Tony. Evera day Tony heesa wash heem teeth, maka scrub hees neck like hell, and washa back hees ears! Yes, the army heesa fina ting."

A former doughboy, one of those still watchfully waiting in the parks, was asked if any of his former comrades had returned to comfort or affluence. "Sure thing," he answered, "the Old Man's big auto near run me down in Wall Street the other day. I could see his nose sticking over his fur collar. And I seen Major Blank blowin' out of the Commodore yesterday."

He was reminded that those were not his "comrades," so to speak. "I get you," he chirped. "Sure, I seen two 'em all dolled up neat and pretty—in uniform. They had re-upped."

Naturally a bartender would have an opinion. One did. "Sure, they're all nervous and drink," he replied.

Dozens of returned soldiers have been asked truthfully to tell of any way whatsoever in which they had benefited by service during the war, and the very best have answered somewhat like this: "Oh, well, I learned discipline and respect of authority," or "I learned to do what I was ordered without kicking," or "I learned to stand up straight and learn my right from my left hand," or "I learned that the people were kiddin' us when they waved all them flags as we climbed aboard transports." Not one man has given any interesting answer to support the contention of Paragraph 2 of that letter.

What did I learn? Well, let's see. I learned to be a good mixer, not to be surprised at anything, to spot a mean officer at a glance, to quit kicking the iron bound shins of Old Man Fate, to stand like a wooden Indian while the parade ground looked like a merry-go-round, and—oh, lots and lots of other things. But I have not yet been able to learn where the author of that letter got his information for Paragraph 2.

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Progress (and Poverty) in Porto Rico

By ARTHUR WARNER

I. Twenty-five Years in Retrospect

PROGRESS—and poverty. One finds much of both in Porto Rico in its twenty-fifth year under American sovereignty. In previous articles I have outlined the political situation and sketched the labor movement.* I shall tell here of public instruction and national health; of agricultural and industrial conditions and their bearing on the vital issue of increasing the means of subsistence and thus the standard of living of the poverty-stricken masses.

There have been two conflicting currents in our administration. One, flowing strongly in the early days, assumes that Porto Rico should as soon as possible be made like the United States; that the Spanish language should give way to English, and native customs and ideas be replaced with those of Indianapolis and Galveston. The other current, growing first out of doubt and finally out of resentment on the part of the Porto Ricans, regards the island's individuality as its greatest heritage and proposes to continue its Latin-American culture, modified by that of the United States only through natural evolutionary processes. The two theories follow closely those held in the United States in regard to the foreign population within its borders.

Happily, the second theory now seems more likely to prevail. A recrudescence of the first under the influence of Governor Reily roused an antagonism that led to his resignation, and the recently appointed governor, Horace M. Towner, may confidently be expected to pursue another course. His long experience as chairman of the Committee on Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives gives him an advance knowledge of Porto Rico that no other governor has taken with him, while his known sympathy toward the people should be a great help in obtaining their cooperation. Unfortunately the Republican Party has recently given signs of adopting a policy of opposition to him similar to that taken by the Unionists toward Governor Reily.

Whatever the blunders of American administration in the past, they have been those of ineptitude and tactlessness more often than of autocracy and violence. Porto Rico, under civilian government, has not suffered from an autocratic naval regime such as that in the Virgin Islands and Samoa, not to speak of the worse indignities heaped upon Haiti and Santo Domingo.

In retrospect some of the blunders of the early days seem amusing, but unfortunately they all went into producing what finally became a definite (if not an extensive) anti-American sentiment, to remove which a good many years of tact and sanity will be required. For instance, there was the Porto Rican seal, given to the island by Ferdinand and Isabella. Some of the early administrators decided that the seal was an old-fashioned religious device that ought to be replaced with something modern and snappy, not to say nifty and nobby. So a new seal was devised and officially adopted which horrified both respecters of tradition and students of heraldry. Fortunately, Mrs. Regis H. Post, whose husband was then governor, realized that a seal without history is like soup without salt, and through her intervention the old device was restored.

Then again some of the early comers from the United States were appalled to find that no Santa Claus, shaking snow out of his beard, came with prancing reindeer and well-filled sleigh to help the children of a tropical island enjoy Christmas. They regarded as little short of impious the slighting of Christmas and the celebration instead of Three Kings' Day, on the eve of which thoughtful Porto Rican children do not go to sleep until they have first put under their bed a box of grass for the camels bearing the Three Wise Men on their long journey toward the Star of Bethlehem. But Santa Claus has not yet become acclimated to Porto Rico, and it is a sign of progress that at this time nobody seems to be much disturbed over the greater popularity of the Three Kings.

"We have no race question and no religious issue," a Porto Rican said to me in commenting on the favorable aspects of the island. The absence of a religious issue is probably due largely to the weakness of all organized religion. The hold of the Roman Catholic church on the people of Porto Rico is markedly less than in Latin-America generally, while Protestantism has made little headway. Although it cannot be said that there is no "color line," it is so inconspicuous as to cause no friction between the races and apparently no resentment on the part of the Negro. Negroes work side by side with whites in fields, factories, and offices. They patronize the same restaurants and occupy adjoining houses or apartments. A white man can do business with a Negro and take him to lunch at the leading hotel without exciting remark. Negroes attend official or other public social affairs, and are elected or appointed to all kinds of government positions. The only restriction seems to be that they are not usually admitted to the white man's clubs nor invited to his house in a social way. Natives of the United States, resident in Porto Rico, have for the most part adapted themselves to this attitude handed down from Spanish days, with its roots in the origin of the people.

Three races have gone into the making of the modern Porto Rican: Indians, Spaniards, Negroes. The Carib Indians were exterminated, or absorbed by marriage with the Spanish *conquistadores* many years ago. They no longer exist in a pure-blooded state, but the strain is still visible in the features of many Porto Ricans, especially in the mountain districts of the interior. The Negroes were introduced by the Spaniards in slave days. There has been a great deal of mixing, in consequence of which complexions in Porto Rico vary from charcoal to *café au lait*. The census returns indicate a gradual absorption of the Negro. The 1910 enumeration showed the inhabitants as 65.5 per cent white, 30 per cent mulatto, and 4.5 per cent black; the 1920 figures were 73 per cent, 23.2 per cent, and 3.8 per cent. But color is largely a matter of self-determination. For census or other purposes one is virtually allowed to choose his own. If anybody not too unmistakably Negro in features and hue wants to set himself up as white, nobody will rake up his ancestry to disprove it.

* The Pot and the Kettle in Porto Rico, January 31; Porto Rico's Workers Awake, April 11.

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II. Schools and Schooling

When the United States took hold of the government of Porto Rico a quarter of a century ago there were 25,000 children in school; this year there were 230,000. The development in education that this indicates is on the whole the most satisfactory result of American administration in the island. With the extension of the public school has come a reduction of illiteracy. The 1920 census, it is true, classifies 55 per cent of the population as illiterate, but bad as this is, it shines by comparison with conditions twenty-five years ago when 85 per cent of the population could neither read nor write.

In spite of the remarkable increase in school attendance, education still fails to reach a large proportion of Porto Rico's young. According to the 1920 census, four out of ten of the children from seven to thirteen years of age are not in school, and in the rural districts the pupils get instruction only through the first four grades. To obtain schooling above that point it is necessary to go into one of the towns, something virtually impossible for most children to do. There is no free transportation such as exists in so many of our rural communities. Not only is money lacking to organize this, but the absence of roads makes it out of the question in most cases anyhow.

Many persons jump to the conclusion that after twenty-five years of American schools English must have become the prevailing language of Porto Rico. It has not, and is not likely to do so within the discernible future. Only one in ten persons pretends to speak it at all. Spanish is the historic language of the Porto Rican; he wishes—and should be encouraged—to retain it. To be sure, he should be encouraged to acquire English also. For the most part he apparently wishes to do so, but a certain prejudice has been created against English through attempts to force it unduly in the public schools—attempts that produced an impression, rightly or wrongly, of a desire to subordinate and eventually to eliminate the Spanish language.

Originally an effort was made to conduct all classes in the public schools in English. It did not work; whereupon it was arranged to conduct the lower four grades in Spanish, with English taught as a subject, and the upper grades in English, with Spanish taught as a subject. This would seem to be sensible and has apparently worked fairly well. Under the Reily regime, however, it was proposed to return to the method of conducting the classes in English from the first grade up, a suggestion that produced a great deal of hostility. Under the present governor I believe and hope that the plan will be dropped.

The scheme is probably unworkable anyhow at the present time, in view of the fact that a large number of teachers do not know enough English to carry it out. Of 4,000 teachers all but about 150 are natives of Porto Rico and have learned their English in its schools. Their pronunciation is naturally defective and in many instances their powers of expression are most circumscribed. A young man from the United States told me that when he went out to a rural town to take up school work he found that the other teachers could hardly understand a word he said. Possibly it was his fault, but the story gives an idea of the difficulties in the way of all-English instruction.

The hope that some day Porto Rico may become virtually a bilingual country is a fine one. Situated midway between North and South America, it might thus become a link between the two continents. But Spanish is as essential to this eventuality as English, and must not be subordinated by any over-eager effort toward Americanization.

III. Health or Hookworm

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the Porto Ricans are a sick people. Smallpox and yellow fever were virtually wiped out a few months after American occupation in 1898, but the hookworm, with its enervating and disastrous consequences, lives on. What is thought to be the first discovery of the hookworm in the Western Hemisphere was made in Porto Rico shortly after the American forces entered. Dr. Bailey K. Ashford, who identified the parasite, also gave many years—under government support—to fighting it. Uncinariasis, or the hookworm disease, is easily and simply cured, but without a change in living habits *reinfection occurs speedily.* The hookworm parasite, breeding in human filth, enters the body through the bare feet of the natives. It is easy to answer that they should wear shoes; practically they cannot afford to, and in any event it is much more desirable that they should be led to adopt more sanitary habits of living.

A vast amount of effort was spent in the early days of American occupation in curing the natives of uncinariasis. In consequence, Dr. Ashford thinks that the intensity of the disease—it was formerly exceedingly virulent—has been much reduced and that the natives as a whole are 50 per cent stronger and more able as workers than they used to be. However this may be, the extent of the disease, due to constant reinfection, seems hardly to have been diminished at all. At least the Department of Health estimates that 90 per cent of the rural population is still infected. A new method has recently been begun which promises more permanent cures. Limited areas are picked out and made the object of a campaign. The Rockefeller Foundation supplies physicians to treat the people while the Department of Health undertakes to obtain the general construction of latrines. This effort seems to be on the right lines, but is proceeding pathetically slowly.

It is impossible to determine how much the hookworm has had to do with making Porto Ricans undersized and underweight, and how much this may be due to other causes, but it seems fair to attribute most of the blame to the scourge. Certainly until it is eliminated the native cannot be expected to become a first-rate and enduring worker. At the same time, *poor food, bad housing,* and inadequate medical care make survival difficult in Porto Rico for any but the hardiest individuals, and many of them go through life with diseases and defects which greatly reduce their capacity either for usefulness or enjoyment. The director of school hygiene in San Juan told me that of 3,000 children examined last year 66 per cent were undernourished and 64 per cent had defective teeth; only 15 per cent were normal.

The municipalities of Porto Rico generally employ a physician on salary to care for their sick poor, but the demands far exceed the powers of one man even when he devotes himself sincerely to the work, which is not always the case. Dr. W. F. Lippitt, Commissioner of Health, estimates that half of the population is born and dies without medical attention at any time. Hospital facilities are improving, but are pathetically deficient in funds, in equipment, and in trained personnel. In one hospital of which I heard the nurse in charge gets a salary of only $15 a month. In another the appropriation for feeding a staff of thirteen persons is $2 a day!

(*To Be Concluded Next Week.*)

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How "News" Is Made

By A NEWSPAPER MAN

IF you ever passed through the coke country of Pennsylvania, you probably retain an unpleasant impression of what you saw. You remember the rows of ovens stretched along the railroad spurs, the red flames reaching out from the opening in the top of each, the thick, oily smoke curling black off the flames and growing gray as it dissipated itself in the wind. And you remember where the wind carried the smoke—

The rows of bleak houses, painted gray or a dull red to show the least effect of contact with the smoke-laden atmosphere. Square, two-family houses, unadorned, without porches, without shade of any kind. The poisonous air from the close-by ovens the only relief from the sun's rays in summer. Utterly barren yards. No trees. No grass. No flowers. Outdoor toilets built together in rows of four, to serve the four families of each pair of houses.

That much of how coke workers live in the vicinity of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, you may have glimpsed from your train or your automobile in passing through. So you doubtless were surprised when you read the following first-page article in the New York *Times* of July 14:

COKE WORKER GOING TO DAILY TOIL IN AIRPLANE; SEDAN CARS TAKE COAL MINERS TO THEIR WORK

Special to The New York Times

UNIONTOWN, PA., July 14.—That the luxuries of peace in the Fayette Company coke region far outshadow war prosperity was indicated today when Edmund Henriques, a coke worker, returned to his home in Gates from New York with a Sopwith airplane which he will use to carry him "to and from his daily toil."

For several years the flivver, which had been domesticated among the mining towns of the Connellsville region, has been passé, and high powered sedan cars have traveled the highways bearing the miners from their homes to the coal pits and back again when the day's toil was ended.

Henriques startled the "aristocrats of the coke region" when he returned from New York with his Sopwith "camel," a British built airplane with which he is familiar through five years' service in the Royal Air Forces. He made the flight from New York in his new machine in four and a half hours, and will use it during the summer to attend Sunday baseball games in Chicago and Cleveland.

His home is several miles from the coke ovens at Gates, where he is employed, and he has found it annoying to be forced to arise so early in the morning to go to work. Being a high class employee with a good job, and not wishing to lose his place from lateness, he concluded that the safest and fastest method of transportation, the airplane, would just about make his lot a happy one. Acting on this conclusion, he "got himself one," according to his way of putting it.

Henriques has been the owner for some time of a high powered motor car, but tire troubles and other mechanical accidents exhausted his patience. His Sopwith will take him anywhere he wants to go in a few hours and he has no fear of being late at the coke plant in the future.

In 1920 Henriques piloted an airplane from New York to Nome, Alaska.

Other newspapers carried similar stories.

Well, the average reader read and smiled. The yarn appealed to him as being amusing and without importance. He had taken a certain amount of poison into his mind, and this poison would reveal its effect when next he came to judge of any labor dispute, but at the moment he took no thought of that. The average, hardened newspaperman likewise read the dispatch and smiled. He recognized it as a fake and let it go at that.

In just one newspaper office, apparently, did the significance of this kind of misinformation register. That was the Washington office of the Scripps-Howard newspapers. From this office a reporter was sent to Uniontown to investigate. Here is his story in the Washington *News:*

FLYING MINER'S STORY NOT TRUE

UNIONTOWN WORKERS AMUSED AT FANCIFUL YARN

UNIONTOWN, PA.—That story of the "Coke Worker Going to Daily Task in Airplane; Sedan Cars Take Miners to Their Work," to quote a headline from the New York *Times*, and to check up on a dispatch carried on some press wires Saturday, may be a good story; but it is not news. It is not true.

The coke oven workers of this town where the coke worker was reported to have been gliding to work in his airplane had a good laugh when told that the rest of the country believed they were taking up aviation as a means of getting to and from their work.

Miners and cokers spent a part of yesterday watching Edmund Bran Quixano Henriques doing stunts with his new Sopwith plane, it is true. But Henriques is not a "coke worker." He is an assistant superintendent over a score or so of Frick mines in this neighborhood.

Henriques told me in his polished Oxford University English how he learned to fly with the British Royal air forces, how after the war he attracted attention in this country by flying from New York to Alaska, and how he bought his present plane to use it as an advertising medium for a new fire extinguisher which a Masontown concern is putting on the market.

Henriques is a modest, business-like chap, and was highly amused by the weird effort to use his activities to spread the idea that the miners were scattering their excessive wages in the air. On the contrary, miners in this region working in the United States Steel Corporation mines are not very flush now, they having been defeated not long ago in a strike which was broken by the importation of Negroes from the South.

This Uniontown incident is a typical example of the levity of the newspaper profession. The Uniontown newspaper has been sympathetic to the employers in a nine-months' labor fight. The reporters, largely unconsciously no doubt, pick up the publisher's attitude. An undertaker, the news source in a little town out in the country, tells a reporter on the telephone that Henriques has bought him an airplane. Who's Henriques; what's he do? Oh, he works for the coke company. What's he want with an airplane? Gonna ride back and forth to his work, I guess. Mutual enjoyment of the jest, and the reporter sits down to write an amusing yarn. Realizes when he has it finished that it would probably sound even better in Pittsburgh. Sends it to the Pittsburgh paper for which he is correspondent. The Pittsburgh correspondent probably sends it to the New York *Times*, and there you are.

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM PICKENS, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the author of several books, is a Negro who won the honor of Phi Beta Kappa at Yale University, from which he was graduated.

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ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING is making a reputation as a writer of short stories.

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This Is Life

A Story in the New Manner

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

I

HE was unawakened. He knew nothing. He was happy. He walked home from the high school along the tranquil suburban streets; no one walked with him, or wished to do so, but he was not yet aware of the pain of this. He was a slight, dark boy with black hair that needed cutting and a suit badly in want of pressing; he had an ordinary, pleasant face and incurious, grave eyes. He was really happy just then; he was going home to study, and he liked to study; he had a sober and practical ambition. He even liked his home and his mother, without marked or vivid complexes. He pushed open the gate and walked up the path; so sunk in his joyous ignorance was he that the small brown house, the dreadful lace curtains, the rocking chairs on the veranda with red tidies on them had for him no significance. He would have called the brown house brown, not knowing it to be liver colored; he did not know that those curtains and red tidies really expressed his mother's soul, and her revolt, anguish, and suffocation. She did not know this either.

A big fly was buzzing about in the darkened parlor; he did not know it as a symbol of decay and corruption; in fact, he killed it without thinking at all. He then ate sordid bread, butter, and jam from a plate which was cracked; it was a thick, white china plate with cracks like hairs from some disgusting animal, and a design of flowers of a nauseating pink. He didn't know. . . . He didn't know. . . . He saw only a plate. . . . His soul slept. . . .

His mother came in from some club meeting of thwarted, soul-suffocated women; she was a neat, cheerful little body; he imagined her to be benevolent and immeasurably consoling; he did not yet know how revolting were the signs of approaching age, the flabbiness of her throat, a false tooth. . . .

He spread out his books and began to work; he had not the faintest idea of the complete futility of everything; he saw his examinations as rungs of a ladder which would lead him to a certain definite height. He wanted to be a lawyer. . . .

"Well, Marcus!" said his mother. "I've brought you those books from the library."

He muttered "Thanks, mother!" and pushed them to one side. It had seemed to him necessary that he should do a little modern fiction. . . .

Later in the afternoon he began. The scales fell from his eyes. Little by little he saw. . . . In six days he had read six books; his soul was awakened and writhed like a worm. . . .

First he saw his environment. He saw now the cracked plate with the revolting pink flowers, the obscenity of the darned tablecloth, the vileness of the vinegar cruet; he saw a cockroach in the kitchen, and he moaned, "O God!"

Then he saw his mother. It was too awful to put into words. In fact, he knew he could never again see anything but her flabby throat and her false tooth. He was sick with the pain of the world. . . .

Then he realized the horrible mysteries of adolescence. He had never realized that he was adolescent; he had thought he was a boy. The cosmos was poisoned.

The last revelation was the worst. He saw that he was poor and unpopular, that he was, indeed, a pariah, outcast, sufferer from every injustice. He smiled bitterly; he hugged this anguish; he went about among his fellow adolescents cold, cynical, always smiling. . . .

He passed every examination with ferocious brilliancy. Each good mark was a fresh hot iron pressed against his soul. He smiled. . . . He received his diploma; he took it home to the house, which he now knew to be liver colored; another fly was there, but this he did not crush; he watched it; it settled upon the diploma, left there a mark. . . . This symbolized everything in the world. . . . He laughed harshly, violently. . . . There was stewed rhubarb for supper, and the gas globe was cracked. . . . His mother ate, with her false tooth, her flabby throat worked. . . . Outside there was the sound of a speeding motor—where was it going . . . ? There was a scream of someone probably being murdered in the nearby woods. . . . O, God! This was life . . . !

He went to bed; a loathsome moon came oozing through the dirty clouds; he lay watching it. . . . The stars were like brass pins sticking into the seat of a black horsehair sofa. . . . The wind came over the woodland bringing a nauseous scent from all that teeming and savage life out there. . . . Downstairs the diploma lay neglected on the table; a mouse gnawed it. . . . Adolescence . . . !

II

He loved. He knew this because for a year he had stopped every morning before the window of the barber-shop where she worked as a manicure, and looked at the back of her neck as she bent over the fat hand of a customer. He had never seen anything but the back of her neck, white, strong, round, with reddish hair growing down her spine in a fiercely vital way. He had dreamed every night of her vital neck.

He was now a young man, studying at law school. His mother was older, with two false teeth, and his former home was now the color of diseased liver. He never went there; in his dreams he heard the garden gate swinging in the night wind. It symbolized life. . . . There were worms in the garden, rats in the cellar. . . . His mother sat there alone. . . . He wondered what she thought of. . . . Perhaps it was better not to know. . . . Age and decay. . . . .

One afternoon at dusk when he was coming home, lost in the thoughts of young manhood, which were less vague but still more hideous than those of adolescence, the door of the barber-shop opened and the manicure girl rushed out. . . . He followed her; she ran into the woods and flung herself down upon the pine needles. . . .

"O God!" she shrieked. "Men. . . . The brutes! The brutes! O God!"

His love vanished, left a frightful void in his heart. He laughed harshly in the dusk. . . . Love . . . !

He laid a gold coin on the back of her neck as she lay there, and went away. He heard her shriek again:

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"O God! Men! The brutes. The brutes!"

He knew that he could never love again. His last illusion had perished. He walked henceforth in a world poisoned with the indiscretions of birds, the amours of flamboyant flowers, the erotic mysteries of the stark trees. . . . He alone was a man. . . . He repudiated and loathed his manhood. He wished to be one with the rushing wind. Or the ocean would do. Man . . . !

III

The birth of his eighth child. All the others had died of the most horrible illnesses. He had looked at them in their coffins; some of them had been blue, some scarlet, others mottled. . . . He clenched his hands. The waste! The waste! The waste! Why?

He thought of his wife. Who was she? A stranger, obese, remote; she hissed when she spoke. . . . She put sugar on lettuce. . . . Her heels were broad. . . . Marriage!

He looked at himself in the mirror. He was forty-five; he was a multimillionaire, only because this made Life worse for him. He had grown fat, ungainly; there was a bald patch on his head, about his right eye were horizontal wrinkles to the number of seven; a black hair sprouted from his left nostril. . . . He slept after dinner. . . . This was Success. . . . He laughed brutally. He thought of Pan and wood nymphs, of his stenographer, exquisite and aloof as a pond lily. . . . Of his eight children. . . .

IV

Only when he lay in the hospital he didn't know quite what to feel. He had no reliable guide for this interval. He knew about death as the supreme horror in a life made up of horrors, but he knew also that one doesn't begin to feel all that until the last moment. He was waiting patiently and decently for the last moment, of which he would certainly be warned by the monstrous terror. . . . He didn't know that it had come. . . . He allowed himself a strange and reprehensible relapse; he remembered himself when he had been merely a boy, not an adolescent, when his home had been brown to him, when a fly was a fly, and he had known nothing. He forgot his mother's throat and tooth, and thought of her singing in the kitchen. He forgot that his wife had broad heels and put sugar on lettuce, forgot that five million dollars meant the denial of Pan; he reflected with drowsy content that his family would never need worry except about the income tax. The room in the hospital, which in his senses he would have known to be a torture cell, the doctor who must of course be gross and callous, the nurse who must certainly be thwarted and suffering, even the sun that came in, although he knew it nourished the fetid life of the jungle, all these things had now something mystically soothing to him. He had no pain, even in his soul; he could remember no other moment like this since his awakening.

He looked up into the doctor's face.

"Perhaps," he murmured, "if I hadn't been told . . . about my soul . . . I'd have had . . . less . . ."

He was too weak to say more. He looked at the blue sky outside the window. He was unable at the moment to compare it with anything nauseating; it was blue, only that, and wide and clear. He wondered when the supreme horror would begin, and what the doctor and nurse would think of the shrieks of his tormented soul. He saw his wife's face; she didn't speak, so he couldn't hear her hiss; she had just then no opportunity to put sugar on lettuce, and her heels were not visible. He thought she was rather nice, and he smiled up at her.

She took his hand; it felt like nothing on earth but a kindly human hand; the sun was warm and the sky blue, and he was very comfortable. He closed his eyes and gave a quick, panting little sigh. And that was the end of him. He was cheated out of his supreme horror. . . .

The Flower-Vendor

By ANN HAMILTON

"Here I come
With flowers to sell!
Flowers from the country,
Who wants some?
Roses to smell
And geranium
Or purple pansy,
I grew each one
On my garden farm
With only the sun
To keep them warm;
Who'll buy one?
Come to your doors
And hear me cry
Flowers! Flowers!
Here's mountain fern
And mignonette
Out of the hills
With leaves still wet,
Now who'll buy?
Here I come,
Flowers from the country,
Who wants some?"

("Giddup there, horse,
Don't sleep on your feet,
Maybe there's more folk
Down the next street.")

In the Driftway

MOTORISTS now, speeding up and down the mountains from Cumberland, Maryland, to Wheeling, West Virginia, traverse a road perhaps twenty feet wide, in some places smooth macadam and in others the newer-fashioned concrete. If they think about the road at all it is with a sigh of pleasure, for it is hard to see how it could be better. Along the roadway are milestones about two feet high now, of stone, on which distances are carefully noted; and probably not one motorist in a thousand, including the Drifter himself—until he was taken with curiosity and found out—knows that these very milestones were once as high as a man and were set up when the road was built, more than a hundred years ago. Started in 1806 and built partly over the old road laid by the British under General Braddock in 1755, the Cumberland Road was finished about ten years later and was the main gateway to the West. Nor was it any of your puny, modern, twenty-foot roads; sixty-two feet wide it was, of good macadam, and all day

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long the stage coaches, drawn by four or six horses, rattled along it, doing their hundred miles a day with ease and assurance.

* * * * *

FOR once the Drifter is quite willing to let someone else tell his story for him. Thomas B. Searight in "The Old Pike" records his reminiscences of the Cumberland Road:

As many as twenty-four horse coaches have been counted in line at one time on the road, and large, broad-wheeled wagons, covered with white canvas stretched over bows, laden with merchandise and drawn by six Conestoga horses, were visible all the day long at every point, and many times until late in the evening, besides innumerable caravans of horses, mules, cattle, hogs, and sheep. . . . The road was justly renowned for the great number and excellence of its inns and taverns. On the mountain division every mile had its tavern. . . . Whiskey was the leading beverage, and it was plentiful and cheap. The price of a drink of whiskey was three cents, except at the stage houses, where by reason of an assumption of aristocracy the price was five cents. The whiskey of that day is said to have been pure, and many persons of unquestioned respectability affirm with much earnestness that it never produced delirium tremens.

Which the Drifter, for one, is quite willing to believe.

* * * * *

THOSE were the days when a hungry traveler could regale himself on "wheat-bread and chicken fixings," which included, strangely enough, broiled ham, sausages, veal chops, and various other dainties, for the sum of twelve and a half cents, with two drinks of the good, pure whiskey thrown in for a "fippenny bit" extra. "It may seem a trifling thing to be written down in serious history," says Mr. Searight apologetically, "that the old taverns of the mountains excelled all others in the matter of serving buckwheat cakes."

* * * * *

IN the Drifter's opinion this is one of the trifles on which empires rise or fall, and his regard for Henry Clay has advanced on hearing that that worthy praised these mountain cakes with "as much fervor and more enthusiasm than he ever exhibited in commending his favorite measure, the Protective Tariff." Even after a day on this Prince of Roads, the Drifter can imagine that a dish of buckwheat cakes reaching two-thirds of the way to the ceiling would be acceptable.

* * * * *

NOR did the travelers have to fear the want of cheer on cold days.

Another memorable feature of the mountain taverns was the immense fires kept constantly burning in the old bar rooms during the old-time winters. In many instances the grates were seven feet in length, with corresponding width and depth, and would contain an ordinary wagon load of coal. . . . The old landlord of the mountains took special pride in keeping up his bar-room fire. He kept a poker from six to eight feet long, and would not allow it to be used by any one but himself.

The Drifter lays down his book and sighs; a sixty-foot road, a seven-foot grate, an eight-foot poker, and a three-cent glass of whiskey! A heroic age indeed, and one that we shall not see again; we may conquer the air and annihilate space, but Plenty's Falstaffian appearance has been lost forever.

THE DRIFTER

An Appeal to America

FIFTEEN distinguished leaders of British thought have united in making the following appeal for American cooperation in European affairs:

Many thoughtful men and women in Britain of various or no political attachment, but nourished upon liberal ideas and valuations, are convinced that the very existence of Western civilization is in jeopardy owing to the failure of Europe to make a good recovery from the material and moral injuries of the Great War. Believing that the strongest cooperation of liberal-minded people in all countries is urgently required if this peril is to be averted, they would naturally turn in the first instance to the people of America who have inherited so many of the same traditions and institutions as themselves.

Though grave economic issues are involved in this task of safeguarding our common civilization, it is not for cooperation on the economic plane that we here appeal, but rather for a closer common understanding and sympathy upon other aspects of the situation.

A Confession of Error

Perhaps the best way of approach is by a short general statement of the situation from our point of view. For most of us that statement must be a confession of error and disillusionment. In the heat of the actual conflict many failed sufficiently to recognize the dangers of a victory so complete that the victors would be able to force upon the vanquished any conditions, political, territorial, economic, or moral, which the interests or passions of any one of them might prompt. Some of us were not even disabused by the doings at Versailles, but still believed and hoped that the lessons of the war would somehow liberate forces of reason and good-will adequate to redress any excesses in the operation of a dictated peace so as to make possible a pacific restoration of Europe.

Such beliefs and hopes have now disappeared. The events of the past four years have shown us industrial and financial ruin, wars, famines, revolutions, springing up in quick succession over large tracts of Europe and West Asia from seed sown in the peace treaties and the subsequent policies of the great Western Powers. The professed conditions of a just and reasonable settlement in these treaties and policies are now seen to have been poisoned by the atmosphere of hate, greed, jealousy, and suspicion in which they were conceived and administered. The Sèvres Treaty for the settlement of the Near East quickly broke under the early strains of application, and has left a mere mass of political wreckage behind. The follies of the St. Germain Treaty have unfolded themselves in the unspeakable sufferings of Austria and the grave disorders which have occurred in most of the Austro-Hungarian Succession States.

The Treaty of Versailles

But our most intense concern is now centered upon the operations of the Versailles Treaty in the ruthless hands of its chief executant. Experience has shown that the rigorous administration of that instrument can yield neither of the two chief results for which it was designed: "Reparations" and "Security." On the contrary, a sharp contradiction between these two prime purposes is contained in the fabric of the treaty, not in some simple error or inconsistency, but traversing the entire body of the treaty and penetrating its minutest recesses. Everywhere runs the contradictory purpose, the crippling of the economic recovery in the supposed interests of French security, and the demand for reparations on such a scale that a complete restoration of Germany's pre-war resources would not suffice for fulfilment.

The occupation of the Ruhr is the supreme instance of the menace to civilization contained in France's separate action, and her now manifest determination to impose her will on

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Europe, regardless even of the plainest obligations as laid down in that very treaty to which she constantly appeals in justification of her conduct. For though all the Allies are responsible for the follies and injuries contained in the Versailles Treaty, it is notorious that every other government whose will is not controlled by French power now holds it to be unworkable and favors either formal and complete revision, or the more face-saving method of a non-enforcement of its bad provisions. France alone still stands by its integrity. France alone insists upon terms of reparation which all economists and financiers in America as in Europe know and have declared to be impossible.

Europe's State of Mind

Our object in this statement of the situation is not, however, to arraign France, but rather to invite consideration of the state of mind which continues to make European recovery impracticable. This state of mind, though not dominant as in France, is still prevalent in many circles in our own and other Allied countries. But our people as a whole has thrown off the definitely war mentality, with fear and hate as its chief ingredients, and is anxious for a true peace of Europe and a realization of the ultimate community of material and moral interests between the combatants in the late war.

The signatories of this Appeal stand in a word for an international order, not based on a fortuitous harmony of separate national interests, or upon a balance of power, but upon a conscious regular agreement between the peoples of the world to preserve the common order of the world, and to cooperate in other ways for the achievement of objects which lie beyond the limits of merely national endeavor. That is not the cancelment or the abridgment of national patriotism, but its fulfilment. Just as an individual realizes his highest purposes in concert with his fellows, so a nation needs for its national perfection a society of nations. This is no merely pious aspiration or distant ideal. Such effective cooperation is an immediate need. Only by vigorous international cooperation can Europe escape the disaster we have indicated. The waste and ruin into which French policy is dragging Europe are implicit in two mischievous articles of her faith.

Mischievous French Policy

The first is her insistence upon administering justice in her own case. The second is the execution of this self-made justice by her national force. The recent exchange of notes between France and Germany is the touchstone. However inadequate the German proposals for reparations and security may be, they are strengthened by the offer to accept an impartial international tribunal as the final court of settlement. If France should continue to refuse this proposal she refuses the only way by which reparations and security can be made compatible. To extricate the mind of France from her fear complex and get her to recognize in international cooperation the only way of salvation, financial and political, is therefore the paramount need of the moment. France cannot extort by force from Germany either the money or the lasting security she needs. Only a wide cooperation in which she has faith can give her what she needs. It is to help in the establishment of that faith that we appeal to America. Will America participate, will she take that leading part to which her strength and disinterestedness entitle her? It is often said that she is not prepared after the recent unhappy experience to entangle herself again in the affairs of Europe. Even those Americans who are least intransigent may be disposed to say, "Let Europe first bring forth fruits worthy of repentance, let her cast out the evil spirits which still rule her policy, let her show by her own capacity of peaceful cooperation that she has learned the lesson of the war—and then we will consider your invitation." As a commentary upon the many ill-considered approaches from Europe in demands for debt-remissions and monetary aids, this may well seem unanswerable. How can America be expected to enter into closer political or economic relations with states which amid all their lamentations about poverty are finding fresh means to furnish armaments upon a more lavish scale than before the war, and are spending on them the money which they constantly profess their inability to repay to their creditors?

A Spiritual Need

But what if Europe is unable by her own moral resources to escape from this evil mentality? The efforts and suffering of war seem to have left an aftermath of spiritual lethargy, making Europe incapable of coping successfully, by her unaided moral resources, with the devastating ravages of fear and hate. Our appeal to America for cooperation is based upon a spiritual need. America is able to perform a great service of healing for the world, on the one hand, because of the position of detachment and security which she holds; on the other, because of the disinterested motives which brought her into the Great War.

Having proved herself a principal agent of victory in the war, she had every right to a determinant voice in securing the fruits of victory through a just and healing peace. Defeated in this work four years ago by the passionate conduct of her war-associates, she still retains the opportunity to rescue Europe from the path of ruin. European nations alone have not the moral power to enforce fundamental changes in the terms of peace and in the practical relations between their governments and peoples. America by her cooperation could perform this immeasurable service to humanity. Her weight could turn the scale in favor of a just and healing policy. Her cooperation, either by adhesion, with or without reserves, to the League of Nations, or by some other method of her own choosing, would enable her to exercise the greatest influence in the ordering of world affairs ever vouchsafed to any country. It is precisely because her action in the war carried so determinant a weight, precisely because her motives were disinterested that this opportunity to complete the work in which she was interrupted four years ago arises.

America's Opportunity

The war and the subsequent peace do not admit of abrupt separation. By the same act of free choice and moral impulse under which America entered the war she is involved in the sequel. We cannot believe that history will record that America after throwing her force into the war refused to bring her contribution of wisdom to the making of the peace. For the peace is not yet made. We ask America's help in its making. We believe that America can, in that making, impose terms by which the future of world-history shall bear the clear impress of a just and clearer-sighted view of the needs of a distracted world and of the sane policies which should guide its statecraft.

William Archer (Playwright and Dramatic Critic),
Arnold Bennett (Novelist),
John Drinkwater (Author of "Abraham Lincoln" and "Robert E. Lee"),
A. G. Gardiner (late Editor, *Daily News*),
Professor L. T. Hobhouse (Professor of Sociology, London University),
J. A. Hobson (Economist),
J. M. Keynes (Author of "Economic Consequences of the Peace"),
Earl Loreburn (formerly Lord Chancellor),
J. Ramsay Macdonald (Leader of the Opposition, House of Commons),
H. W. Massingham (late Editor, *Nation*),
Gilbert Murray (Professor and Author),
Sir Horace Plunkett (founder of the Irish Cooperative Movement),
Maude Royden (Lecturer),
Mrs. Philip Snowden (Lecturer),
Graham Wallas (Sociologist and Author).

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Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Another Dastardly Outrage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The papers report that big employers in Chicago are requiring girls to wear sleeves or lose their jobs. How does this fadge with the Constitution, which says that the right of the people to bare arms shall not be infringed?

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, July 28 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Confiscation Pure and Simple

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article in the issue of August 1 entitled "Are We Americans Thieves?" is certainly severe; but I can not find that its strictures are extravagant. Indeed, it appears to me that a plain statement of the essential facts would bring out even more strongly the immorality and the absurdity of our position.

It cannot be questioned that the intent of the act was to take over the property of alien enemies, for the double purpose of conserving it, and of preventing its employment against our country. This appears from the very clear statements made by Secretary Lansing and Assistant Attorney General Warren before the Congressional committees, as also from the discussions in the committees and in both Houses of Congress. It should be added that for a time Mr. Palmer, as Alien Property Custodian, accepted that interpretation of the law. His later statement that in the darkest hour of the war he asked Congress for more power "to hit the Germans where it would hurt" may be dismissed with a sense of gratitude that our interests were generally in charge of men who had a more comprehensive grasp of the factors that go to decide a war of such magnitude.

But be that as it may, the fact is that Congress did not, in adopting the amendment, give greater power to the custodian for the purposes which he now advances. If that had been the thought, Congress would have declared for the confiscation of the property outright. Instead Congress throughout reserved the power ultimately to dispose of the alien property as it might determine. There is nowhere either direction or suggestion to confiscate or to destroy. The additional power was given solely to enable the custodian to conserve the property more effectually. The use to which the custodian confessedly put his new power was therefore nothing short of abuse of authority. In the discussions it is customary to rest with the case of the Chemical Foundation. In my opinion this case is nothing more than an illustration of the conduct that generally obtained. When going concerns were taken over but were not sold, they were at least subjected to the burden of well-paid directorates which were frequently chosen without regard to experience or fitness. Even United States citizens interested in the concerns and qualified by years of experience were removed to make place for favored directors. In other cases, going concerns engaged in ordinary commercial business—prosperous and without the suggestion of embarrassment—were sold outright, at sacrifice prices. These things were done many months after the armistice when there was no more occasion for war measures, even of the Palmer type.

The fact is that an examination into the character and organization of purchasers affords a very strong intimation that in many of the sales the motive of private profit came decidedly into play.

The Chemical Foundation litigation is all very well. But so far the Government has spoken only in its own behalf. It has not put the stamp of disapproval upon the injury inflicted upon private owners. On the contrary, it has by legislation protected its officials from any chance to challenge misconduct, and it has, in other respects, rendered false the claim that private property has not been confiscated.

To retain such property after the war emergency which gave occasion for its taking has passed; to hold such private property as a pledge for public debt; to withhold income and principal after the war during years of grinding necessity; to permit property to be sold after the war at sacrifice prices; to burden it with heavy expenses for lawyers' and directors' fees; and to deny all right or chance for relief for misconduct constitutes confiscation pure and simple. From that conclusion neither patriotic declamation nor plausible sophistry, nor the otherwise competent and courteous administration of the office, will save us in the eyes of other nations.

St. Louis, July 30 CHARLES NAGEL

Misery in the Virgin Islands

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We write with the hope that your readers, who, we believe, form a majority of the American people, will realize that down in the Virgin Islands—a new possession of Uncle Sam—the economic conditions may safely be termed *deplorable*, bordering on total economic destruction, ruinous on account of the application of Federal laws, viz.: quarantine and coastwise laws; the Eighteenth Amendment, and the Federal income-tax law.

Eventual wholesale starvation threatens the entire population if relief be not forthcoming in the immediate future.

Our merchants, in a large majority of cases, are unable to pay their taxes; our children are undernourished and their fathers move about in an undecided manner, desirous of working but unable to procure employment. Life is something miserable in these islands. Surely it is not the thought of this Great American Nation to keep our people in a state of semi-starvation.

We believe, and that implicitly, that they know very little of our condition and, therefore, we propose to tell them of it so that they may realize that in these Virgin Islands they have adopted children who need, in these trying days, their special attention so as to improve their deplorable economic condition.

We request that your paper make direct inquiries about our statements and, after investigation, give publication to the findings, so as to quicken the leaders of this nation's interest in these islands that "they acquired and then forgot."

We plead for immediate consideration and relief. We are not asking charity, but we certainly do believe that we ought to be given a chance to live as decent a life as we have been accustomed to.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
ROTHSCHILD FRANCIS, Chairman

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, July 23

Presidential Primaries

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suggest that the National Constitution be amended by adding the following article:

Section 1. The President and Vice-President shall be elected by the people of the several States. The electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures.

Section 2. Congress shall have full power to enforce and make this article effective.

Under the second clause of this amendment let Congress pass an act for the enforcement of the amendment. It should provide that every man and woman in the nation, of legal age, who is otherwise qualified according to his own State laws, should

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have the right to enter the primaries in his own State, and perhaps in one additional State, as candidate for the offices of President or Vice-President. It can be seen that many, perhaps hundreds or thousands, might enter the race in particular States, but it can also be seen that out of such large numbers of candidates only three in any one State could win—that is, a Republican, a Democrat, and probably an Independent. That would, if the winners all remained candidates, make 144 candidates for each of the great offices in the entire nation; but as many would no doubt withdraw and refuse to run, etc., it might be reduced to less than 100 candidates for each office.

Let this law also provide that the nation itself, or the separate States, shall print the names of those candidates across the top of the ballot to be used at the November election, placing the names in columns of about twenty-five each, and having four or five columns of them as might be necessary. The law should provide that at the November election every man and woman going to vote should, when in the booth, select and mark the ballot for his or her first, second, and third choice for President, and the same for Vice-President. This obliging the voters to make a first, second, and third choice, is in case no candidate receives a majority of the entire national vote to prevent a mere plurality candidate from being elected, and to make it compulsory to count second or even third choices under the Hare system in case that became necessary in order to determine who was elected to the great offices.

The act would provide for the most modern system of counting the ballots during the polling day, probably having two sets of election officers, so that the counters would be within thirty minutes of the final count at the close of the polling day. It is believed that within a couple of hours thereafter the result would be known at the several State capitals and at the national capital, and hence if any candidate for President or for Vice-President had an unquestioned majority of the votes of the entire nation, he or she would be known to be elected, and that would end it save for the mere official certification of the result. If no person received such unquestioned majority it might require two or three weeks to do the other counting and calculating, but it could be done and done correctly.

The most important provisions of the act of Congress would, of course, be provisions for the payment of at least the cost of the national part of this sort of an election, so that no candidate would have to be wealthy in order to be a candidate. Costs of all candidates would no doubt be strictly limited.

The people of this nation have never directly nominated any candidate for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency, and such a law as this is necessary to make ours a government of the people.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, July 11 B. S. Rodey

A Statement by Edward A. Rumely

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "I am not guilty" is the answer of my own conscience to the wartime verdict of the jury [in the case of the New York *Evening Mail*], now affirmed by the [United States Circuit] Court of Appeals. I have always been ready to carry the responsibility for my acts to their final consequences. Now, I should either accept the sentence or, as was suggested by the court when it was imposed, ask for executive clemency, thereby making an implied acknowledgment of guilt. My manhood will allow me to do neither. The only course open is to petition the higher court.

Time has obscured the issues of the case. The jury upheld me as the sole owner of the newspaper stock. I did not conceal my debt but reported it. The issue of the case was whether this debt should have been reported as owing to the Imperial German Government or to Herman Sielcken, who under the terms of the law had become an alien enemy.

In 1914 I sent two emissaries—a great business man and a personal friend and director of a bank—to Herman Sielcken, who was interested in open trade relations between Germany and the United States, to invite him to join with me in the purchase of the *Mail*. The direct testimony of every witness who had any knowledge of the financial transactions, including the statements of Herman Sielcken himself to S. Walter Kauffmann, was that the moneys advanced in the spring of 1915 and afterward were for the account of Herman Sielcken and that I was so informed. By remaining in Germany until November, 1917, his property under the terms of the Alien Property Act was liable to seizure as that of an alien enemy.

There was not a particle of direct evidence in the case which took thirty days to try that my statement was not truthful. A mass of suspicion and circumstantial evidence was built up which under the stress of war feeling at the time of my trial resulted in my conviction and which the Court of Appeals could not consider.

There was no obstruction of our government, no disloyal act. The entire files of the paper were offered by us in evidence but disregarded by the jury. I challenge anyone to re-read the *Mail*, both in its editorial policies and news presentation, during the entire period of my ownership. Such an investigation will show it to have been a loyal, sincere, constructive, and worthwhile effort in American journalism.

New York, August 2 Edward A. Rumely

Educational Reaction in Canada

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The tide of reaction has swept over more than Amherst College. I am a student of Outlook College, Saskatchewan, where the trustees have just forced the resignation of Professor O. B. Grimley from his position as vice-president and teacher of history and economics. The forces to unseat him started this movement some three years ago and it was an expected thing that he would be forced out this year. In the seven years which Professor Grimley has spent at this institution he has won the admiration and respect of every student who has entered these halls by his love for the cause of suffering humanity and his fearless, uncompromising stand for truth and justice. When the president of the student body in the course of a conversation with one of the trustees told this gentleman of the unanimous protest of the students against Professor Grimley's dismissal, the reply he received was: "We are not asking for, nor do we care about, the opinions of the students in this matter." Is this the type of man who should be guiding the destinies of our higher institutions of learning?

Macrorie, Saskatchewan, July 16 George E. Britnell

Thanks to *Nation* Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Truly, indeed, it may be said that the "Nation Family" is a generous hearted one. The response to the letter by Mr. W. T. Brown, published in the issue of June 20, has been overwhelming.

May I ask those kind persons who sent me valuable books, which were to be returned after I had read them, to send me their addresses, stating what books they sent and how many? Some children got into the cabin and destroyed the addresses and a simple little file I had.

Sometime and somewhere I heard the expression "literary wealth." It was an abstract statement then; now it is concrete. Thank you, every one—*The Nation* too.

Harry Dickens

Inwood, Shasta County, California, July 20

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Books

The Federation of Labor and the State

Labor and Politics. By Mollie Ray Carroll. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THE management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, after fighting the thing through to the Supreme Court and losing there, deliberately—and quite legally—rejects the decision of the Railroad Labor Board concerning its anti-union scheme of employee representation. The shopmen's unions, no less deliberately and no less legally, reject the board's wage decision and go on strike. In neither case is such action a defiance of law, but in both cases it is a conscious and deliberate rejection of a governmental agency established for the specific purpose of preventing just such one-sided attempts at settlement of controversies that involve three-sided interests.

What is to be done with such determined efforts at industrial self-assertion and consequent social dominance? Crush them, most persons will reply without hesitation; enforce the law and the supremacy of the state. The reply is too simple. It neglects a basic consideration. All obedience is at bottom voluntary. Society is held together by consent, not by force. Labor, under whatever compulsion, is yet rendered voluntarily. The supremacy of law depends fundamentally on our maintaining conditions that will secure the free and unenforced cooperation of all the important social groups. To that end those groups must be understood.

Of such groups in the American body politic, one of the most important, both in numbers included and in interests represented, is the American Federation of Labor. Mollie Ray Carroll's unfortunately named "Labor and Politics" is an admirable statement and explanation of the policies and ideas of that organization during the forty years of its existence. Written chiefly from the convention proceedings and official pronouncements of the Federation and the numerous writings of Mr. Gompers, the book is objective, informed, fair, severely and even dryly scientific, yet sympathetic and intelligently critical. Small wonder, perhaps, that it has already called down upon itself vitriolic condemnation in the columns of the *American Federationist* as another bit of meddling outside interference. Generously recognizing that industrial conservatism was probably political wisdom on the part of the Federation's leaders in the past, Miss Carroll concludes, after a careful study of the history and program of the organization and of its attitude toward the law and politics, that it "must develop constructive in place of its negative policies as regards legislation, research and higher education, and production, and that its progress in the future depends upon positive contributions to the welfare not only of its members, but as well of those outside its ranks, of industry, and of the state."

The Federation was born out of economic conflict. Its constituent organizations came into existence to bargain with employers. As a result of long experience, it therefore prefers wherever possible to strive for better wages, hours, and working conditions by the use of its own economic power through collective bargaining and the threat of the strike rather than by law. It believes that in general it can get more for its members by direct economic means than by political ones; therefore in its philosophy the relations between employer and employee lie outside the political realm. As regards special classes of workers, however, unable to bargain successfully—children, women, seamen, and government employees—the Federation has persistently urged state action. Further, in reference to problems too broad to be settled by bargaining, it has favored legislation covering all workers, as is shown in the chapter dealing with insurance, safety, occupational disease, unemployment, convict labor, immigration, and Asiatic exclusion. Its interest in general social legislation, however, has been slight, centering chiefly on matters of direct concern to its members. Its policy has been to get all it could by bargaining, and where bargaining was impossible to use legislation. In the latter field its methods have been lobbying and non-partisan political activity.

In the bargaining field, however, the Federation has wished to be free from the law, partly because of a general economic aversion to legal restriction, but perhaps more largely because of "the belief of the trade unionist that the law, as administered, is generally unduly favorable to the employer." Instead of trying to secure a positive legal status for the unions and their activities such as was gained by the British organizations through the Trade Disputes Act of 1906, the Federation has thus far followed the negative policy of trying to exempt the unions from the effect of laws.

Now all this, in the case of an organization of more than four million men, is a highly important phenomenon. While it contains sinister possibilities, it demands explanation rather than simple denunciation. Miss Carroll's explanation is suggestive rather than exhaustive, and it rests on an unsatisfactorily narrow body of evidence; yet it may be commended to those who are for the short and easy method of teaching labor once and for all to "know its place." The propertyless man is still in process of acquiring a legal status even nominally equal to that of the propertied, and in the administration of the law he inevitably finds himself at disadvantage—what else do laws for the protection of property mean? The inference, though Miss Carroll does not draw it, is clear. The only condition of social stability is the progressive modification of law to correspond with the changing distribution of economic and social power.

With full recognition of the achievements of the Federation during the past third of a century, then, the thoughtful reader of these pages can scarcely avoid the conclusion that it has reached the end of the road which it has traveled hitherto. If violent social revolution is to be avoided, and if the Federation is not to wander off into the wilderness of syndicalism or to march along the highroad of political socialism (and both possibilities are anathema to its present leaders), two things appear to be necessary. First, American society must find a place in its economic and legal scheme for labor organizations, not simply for "labor organizations, but—." Second, the Federation must discover that the world holds other possibilities than simply fighting employers. However essential, from labor's point of view, that policy may have been, and under certain conditions still may be, like all warfare it is socially barren and destructive. Miss Carroll expresses a sound judgment in concluding that "its contribution toward a comprehensive program for increasing efficiency in production" should be the test of Federation policy in the future, and that such a policy "should presumably include an increasingly wider labor membership in the organization, increased production with decreased costs to the consumer, the stabilization of employment and wages, the lessening of industrial warfare, and closer cooperation with those outside the labor group who can aid in the development of a constructive program along the lines indicated." While there are signs of progress, the development of such a program must presumably wait on new leadership; but in the American Federation, as in other political organizations, "few die, and none resign."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

War or Civilization

War: Its Nature, Cause and Cure. By G. Lowes Dickinson. The Macmillan Company.

THERE is no one like your academic person to express himself clearly and forcibly when he is profoundly moved. The notion that a classical education is fatal to a simple and strenuous English style would scarcely survive a reading of this book written by a Fellow of King's and the author of "The Greek View of Life." Not even the editorials of Arthur Brisbane are more vigorous or easier to comprehend. We have here, indeed, an example of the most effective kind of pamphleteering. Mr. Dickinson has set before himself the definite object

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of making his readers, especially young men, feel as acutely as he does the menace of modern war, and of stirring them up to do something about it. Extensive as the literature of the subject already is, he believes the time has come for a fresh treatment, for there is one fact that puts out of date all the ordinary discussion of war—namely, that, if mankind does not end war, war will end mankind. This has not been true in the past but it is true in the present. Modern science can destroy as easily as it can create, and all that it creates is useless if it creates only to destroy. To men of science themselves Mr. Dickinson addresses one pungent chapter, asking them to consider whether they are content to place their expert knowledge, as a mere blind tool, into the hands of such governments as in fact we get and such soldiers as we must always have so long as there are soldiers at all.

But it is to the general public that Mr. Dickinson mainly appeals. Non-combatants are not allowed to know what war is really like. During the late war there was stretched, day by day, between them and the truth "the immense curtain of the press," as irrelevant to what went on behind it as is the curtain of any theater. Mr. Dickinson strips off these veils of humbug. Then he deals faithfully with the various arguments with which people delude themselves; the arguments, for instance, that war is inevitable, and that men are naturally bellicose. Wars are caused, he maintains, not by the passions of ordinary men but by the playing upon these passions by particular men. In a brief but admirable sketch of diplomatic history from 1870 to 1914 he lays bare the real causes of the Great War, and he is equally illuminating and remorseless in his scrutiny of the following peace. ("No war ever fought," he boldly asserts, "has ever been ended by anything but a base peace.")

If civilization is to be saved, the author contends, we must learn to change altogether our traditional view of our relation to other states and other peoples. The dominant motive of war is always the economic cupidity of certain interests which sooner or later can produce a situation in which it is possible to appeal to the blind patriotism of the ordinary man. The weak point of the book is perhaps its failure to suggest any practical means by which the power of this appeal may be destroyed. Should not the next step in peace propaganda be an honest and courageous attempt—it would need to be courageous because of the tremendous forces, secular and religious, that would at once be arrayed in opposition—to face the question whether or not patriotism is, after all, a virtue? Mr. Dickinson urges in particular that the theory commonly called "sovereignty" should be abandoned or at any rate modified. But the root of the evil lies far deeper, in a popular sentiment that urgently needs exposure to the light of common sense and Christian doctrine.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Cocky Cocteau

Le Grand Ecart. By Jean Cocteau. Paris: Librairie Stock.

AT last Jean Cocteau has furnished the world with a weapon against himself. His poetry—well, one must always be wary of new poetic forces, lest he comment condescendingly upon genius. His criticism—there is not much of it, and somehow through the scintillation of its many facets we hesitate to name it diamond or paste. His novel is a volume about which the fist can close, so as to thump it hard on the head of him who has so mocked his fellow-writers.

But where is the novel? The hero, if Jacques can support the title, is tossed gently from one sex adventure to another, while the reader has always a sense that the real story is still to come. The episode of the journalist who threatens to commit suicide in Venice, and does, would adorn the pages of Leacock's "Nonsense Novels"; the relations of the menage Berlin are pictured with the subtlety of Lawrence and the brilliance of Chesterton; in the lighter moments there is an underdepth, in the serious sections, a surface sparkle; one would have difficulty in concentrating a characterization of Cocteau's style.

Yet certain of Cocteau's ways are recognizable here. His manner of interjecting anecdotes that, Æsopwise, point the thought of the moment, the ease with which he develops unusual figures, still prevail. "His mother thought she was bringing back the same person. . . . In fact, he left a dry skin floating on the Grand Canal, one of those skins that adders hang upon eglantines, light as foam, open at the mouth and at the eyes." And later, after love had changed him again: "At the circus, an imprudent mother let her child act as subject for a conjurer. He was put in a coffin. The coffin was opened; it was empty. The coffin was closed. It was opened; the child reappeared and returned to its place. Only, it was not the same child. No one suspected it."

More welcome are the casual drippings of philosophy, the epigrams that run so readily from Cocteau's pen. "To love and to be loved: there is the ideal. Provided, of course, that it's the same person." "Her beauty hangs over ugliness, as the acrobat over death." "Germaine did not hesitate to break a heart. She agreed with maidservants that a precious object, broken, glues itself again." "He killed a little of the time that was killing so much of him." Smart-Aleck Cocteau smirks in: "He was named Nestor Osiris, like a box of cigarettes." But he draws us back to recognize that somehow, out of unreality and dazzling fancies, he has embodied a real Jacques. Jacques, who wants to become that which he desires; until he falls in love, and wants to possess—himself in the beloved. Through her infidelity he loses himself, experiences all the sensations of suicide, but revives to come to the decision that "to live on earth he must keep in style, and hearts are no longer being carried."

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Pseudo-Classic

The Literary Discipline. By John Erskine. Duffield and Company. $1.50.

DISTURBED by the vagaries of modern literature, Mr. Erskine bases his criticism on a theory of limits—the limits of decency, the limits of naturalism, and the limits of originality. His doctrine, he says, is based upon the belief "that language as a medium of expression has certain limits which the writer must respect, and that the psychology of his audience limits him also in what he may say, if he would gain a wide hearing and keep it."

Now something of the sort may possibly be true. The absolute and unchangeable may exist in manners, morals, science, and art. It may be said, however, not at all in cheap personal mockery but as the enunciation of a critical doctrine, that if rules exist in the realm of literature Mr. Erskine does not know what they are. The story of art, like the story of morals and the story of science, is the story of the breakers of tablets, and the business of a writer is not to be constantly afraid of overstepping the limits set by his material. Instead he should do all in his power to break through them, for every really important piece of writing is, in some sense, a crashing through the limits of what it was formerly believed possible to make words say and readers understand. The old saying that in art rules exist only to be broken holds true for content as well as for form, and what Mr. Erskine believes to be the eternal rules of propriety, for instance, are no more eternal than the rule of the three unities. Before a great writer who felt the need of breaking them he would be as impotent and as absurd as Thomas Rymer before Shakespeare.

What passes with the school of conservative critics for the spirit of classicism is in reality only a sort of timidity. They are so thoroughly habituated to a certain kind of literature and a certain code of manners and morals that they feel uncomfortable at the thought that there may be others. They would rather say to literature and society "Thus far shalt thou go

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and no further" than to expose themselves to the discomfort inherent in making a readjustment. In the interest of their own peace of mind they would set limits upon the human spirit, and shutting themselves up within the confines of one sort of literature and one group of social conventions they would say to the world "This is all." In such an atmosphere, Alexandrian rather than classic, men may grow learned and polished and sterile, but creative spirits will know that there is something to be said, felt, and done beyond the limits of safe thinking, good manners, and respectable behavior.

As a reproach to the spirit and aims of modern literature Mr. Erskine does not hesitate to quote once more "saw life steadily and saw it whole." Platitude though the phrase is, it is false. Not Sophocles and not Mr. Erskine's revered Aristotle saw life whole, for such a vision is reserved alone for whatever gods may be. Of their knowledge and their experience, Sophocles and Aristotle made a synthesis more satisfactory, perhaps, than any which we moderns have achieved, but their task was simpler. Since their day the world has learned much and suffered much, penetrated many secrets, seen strange visions, and tossed through strange nightmares. Men of the younger times with their calm, complete art were happier perhaps than we, but we cannot return to them. And if we are to attain for ourselves a synthesis and a serenity we must win our own, not return to theirs. Romanticism is to art what experiment is to science—a gathering of the material from which synthesis is made. The over-particularity, the contemporaneity, the barbarous novelty which Mr. Erskine perceives in contemporary literature are there, but they must be there as the waste products of our experiment and we must suffer them. For us there is but one alternative—to experiment or to abandon all hope of putting the modern soul into literature and to rest content in the platitudes of a pseudo-classicism.

J. W. KRUTCH

Nature and Human Nature

The Desert Horizon. By E. L. Grant Watson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE majority of readers, of metropolitan readers at any rate, do not care for stories in which nature plays a large part. Nature as a background for adventure is quite popular, but as an overpowering atmosphere it is distinctly out of favor with the fiction-devouring public. This may be due to any one, or to all, of a number of reasons. Most of us are out of touch with primitive nature; we cannot feel her moods as readily as the emotions of human beings, which are always in some way associated with our own; and because of this alienation it is more difficult for the writer to communicate the moods of nature. An analysis of them must necessarily be vague and leave much to the imagination. Descriptive passages cannot be read passively; they must be recreated and amplified to be felt. If the reader has seen nothing to parallel the environment sketched, a realistic description of it is likely to irritate him by exploiting what seem to be fantastic phenomena.

Nevertheless a large proportion of great writers have drawn the strength and flavor of their work from the free, the unexplored or hidden, places of the earth. Of these writers E. L. Grant Watson is one. He does not rank with Hardy and Conrad; he is, relatively, a beginner. It is doubtful whether he will be able to attain their might and inclusiveness. Compared to their books, "The Desert Horizon" is a miniature: no great human action moves in its pages, which are filled by the Australian bush with an undivided majesty that cannot be regretted. The story is slight. Martin O'Brien, the boy-hero, remains in the memory as a silent speck on the desert, watching it with wondering, awed eyes as he slowly becomes a part of its impersonal being. The characters and incidents are sparse, gripped in the relentless domination of the bush. Martin's marriage, which is not likely to be an unperturbed one, troubles the reader as an intrusion. But by his own submission to the spell of the desert he is persuaded that any conflict of loves in Martin will be a temporary one. Every personal passion must yield to that insatiable desire, that worship, for the bush.

There is in this book a spirit different from that felt in finely done stories of the sea or mountains. In those there is commonly a restlessness, an urge, on the part of the human being to be one with a greater turbulence expressed in nature; even the static mountains have some quality that arouses chaos in the individual at the same time it gives him serenity. Martin has a dark, inarticulate communion with the inscrutable character of the country about him, and the bush, like the sea and the mountains, is fierce and sinister, but in it these elements are feline, withdrawn like the claws of a cat beneath gentle paws. The impression created in the reader is one of peacefulness and light. It is as if the all-pervading sunlight annihilated strife and engendered single-mindedness. Martin's love for the bush is chaste and content. It is enough for him that he can live there—all else he leaves to the imperceptible workings of unknown forces. The bright light and soft hues of an arid land are in Willa Cather's earlier books, but they do not inform the consciousness of her characters as they do Martin's. Mr. Watson conveys the purity and indomitableness of Martin's love for the bush flawlessly in his brittle, pellucid sentences. His book is like a beautiful vase blown from the sands of the desert and tinted with its colors.

EVA GOLDBECK

The Evolution of Jahweh

The Literature of the Old Testament. By Julius A. Bewer. Columbia University Press. $5.

THIS is one of the admirable "Records of Civilization: Sources and Studies," edited by Professor James T. Shotwell. The first four volumes treated of Hellenic civilization, of Bishop Gregory's history of the Franks, of the popes, and of the study of history in general. The present book is an attractive outline of the whole Old Testament, giving the various portions in their probable approximate chronology, from the song of the terrible Lamech, with its bloodthirsty "If Cain takes vengeance sevenfold, Lamech will truly seven and seventy fold!" to the last part of Zechariah (the Third or Trito-Zechariah). Passing from such ancient lyric outbursts as the Red Sea song of deliverance, the pledge of eternal warfare against the Amalekites, the Ark formulae, the taunt song against the Amorites, and the splendid paean of Deborah, it turns to the well-told tale of the founding of the kingdom, and the early laws. Next the author takes up the two chief accounts of the history of man intertwined in the Old Testament, the Yahwist from the southern tribes, and the Elohist from the northern. As was to have been expected, the Judean, with its worship of Jah, inclines toward monotheism, while the Elohist, sacred to the deity known as El or its plural form Elohim, was polytheistic and, indeed, polydemonistic. Then the prophets, led by Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah, commence their process of expanding the conception of the incubus divinity to the all-creator, the all-father, to be incarnated in a man of sorrows, despised and rejected of men, who shall bring peace to the nations. There is a capable treatment of the poetic and wisdom books, of the smug Deuteronomist, of the post-exilic historians and prophets. The whole is amply garnished with quotations, and evidences a sound assimilation of the surface results of critical study of Old Testament sources. It closes with a broad implication that the whole is a part of the revelation of the living God.

If all that was needed were a corrective blue-print of the externals of this polyandrous literature, this volume would earn wholehearted commendation. But modern man is interested at least as much in interpretation as in mere picturing: a topographical map of the Panama region would gain immensely if it were explained that the winding clove in the hills was a great canal, marrying the commerce of two weighted seas. There

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are certain well-buttressed authorities in interpretation who throw light upon the very chronology of Old Testament material: for instance, such an investigator as Lewis Wallis, in his "Sociology of the Bible." His amazing contribution, that the major portions of the earlier covenant represent an economic conflict between the adopted city culture of the Canaanites and the primitive sheep-raising ideal and ethic of the nomad Hebrews—a conflict which blesses the products of the shepherd and curses those of the agriculturist; and the most tenable hypothesis so far to explain such an isolated key-story as the Cain-Abel narrative—this earns a directing part in all Biblical criticism and exposition; and the author is apparently unaware of it. Budde, Wellhausen, and the older authorities are cited; but from Budde a hint of the notable exotic origin of Jahweh worship, so felicitously amplified by Wallis, might have been gathered. The latter's theory is hinted at, although he is apparently not listed in the Bibliography. To locate the Garden of Eden myth as an agricultural product, as the author does, perhaps misses its entire point, namely, the impropriety of eating the fruits of the orchard, which is a form of agriculture; which might establish this, too, as a story with a shepherd moral concealed. Minor matters of over-enthusiasm, such as a pox of exclamation points, and loose superlatives of the type of "Jonathan, than whom no braver warrior ever lived," indicate a type of mind which, either innately or purposely, tends toward a factitious popularity at the expense of scientific correctness. The volume is an admirable one; but a better one should at some future time be written. CLEMENT WOOD

Hungary Misinterpreted

An Outlaw's Diary: Revolution. By Cecile Tormay. With a Foreword by the Duke of Northumberland. Robert M. McBride & Company. $3.

THE book of Miss Cecile Tormay is a so-called "historical diary," describing the political events which took place in Hungary during the regime of Count Michael Karolyi, from October 31, 1918, to March 21, 1919, when the Hungarian Soviet Republic was proclaimed. Miss Tormay makes use of a kind of pious exorcism when she declares in the preface of her book that "here is no attempt to write the history of the revolution nor is this the diary of a witness of political events." As a matter of fact, nothing upholds this assertion in the main narrative of the book, which is as peremptory and sententious in presenting its information as if the authoress had stood directly behind the governmental machine.

Not for a moment is there any doubt in the mind of Miss Tormay as to the motives of the occurrences reported. She traces them back to a fiendish conspiracy of the Jewish race and of some "bad Hungarians" whose only desire it was to have their native country invaded and dismembered by the enemy. For Miss Tormay the regime of Count Karolyi was the empire of the evil spirit; Karolyi and his associates the reincarnations of the devil. There is no lack of falsifications in Miss Tormay's book. When she thinks that her point would be more emphasized by showing the paramount Jewish influence in the Hungarian revolution she makes two members of Karolyi's cabinet, Professor Jaszi and Alexander Garami, both of undisputed Gentile origin, the "representatives of their Jewish race."

There is something elementally tempestuous in the hatred Miss Tormay feels toward everybody whom she suspects of having any connection with the regime of Count Karolyi or with progressivism in general. She hurls a legion of unjustifiable accusations at some of the most venerable participants in the shaping of contemporary Hungarian history. When characterizing Father Hock, the idol of the Hungarian nation, she describes him as a "guilty priest, a guilty Hungarian who betrayed his God and his country." She forgets to mention that but for Father Hock the Hungarian revolution of 1918 would not be called the "bloodless revolution." One could go over nearly every page of the book pointing out malicious invention and interpretation of events to which Miss Tormay must plead guilty.

If the second part of the diary containing the account of the Hungarian Commune, which the publishers promise to bring out very shortly, is written in the same partisan spirit and with the same inaccuracy of facts and statement as the present volume, the world will not get much nearer to an understanding of that mysterious phenomenon. EMIL LENGYEL

A Courteous and Conciliatory Diplomat

Under Four Administrations. From Cleveland to Taft. Recollections of Oscar S. Straus. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

IT is an exceptionally active life the larger part of whose story, happily not yet finished, Mr. Straus tells in this simply written volume. Rarely has it happened that an American public man, even when his views on national political questions were not very pronounced, has been appointed to political offices under presidents as different as Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Mr. Taft. Most of the men who served these executives have been perforce content to receive preferment at the hands of one or other of them and then to be discarded, but Mr. Straus has served them all. Appointed Minister to Turkey by Cleveland in 1887, he was again appointed to the same post by McKinley in 1898. In 1902 Roosevelt made him a member of the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and in 1909 he returned to Turkey as ambassador under Mr. Taft. A fifth administration is in fact to be added to the list, for in 1919 Mr. Straus served as a member of the second industrial conference called by Mr. Wilson.

The secret of Mr. Straus's success under circumstances so diverse lies very largely in his possession of personal qualities all too uncommon in American public life. He is uniformly courteous and conciliatory, sympathetic and considerate. He is never in a hurry to rush in where trouble reigns, and he has refrained from speaking or acting until he has looked the matter up and decided upon what he wanted to say. Clearly a born diplomat, he appears to have looked upon diplomacy rather as an instrument for settling controversies by making the way of international relations plain than as a forum for proclaiming an aggressive Americanism or arguing to the last point of form and technicality every national pretension. This is not to say that the obligations of diplomacy or administrative office sat lightly upon him or that the interests intrusted to him were neglected or compromised. The recollections which he has written down contain abundant evidence of his vigor and persistence when occasion required, and of the success with which he won from the Sultan, the only head of a foreign government with whom he had officially to deal, concessions which the Sultan appeared at first loath to grant. Only, in his hands, quiet insistence was a better tool than bluster or threats.

It did not fall to Mr. Straus, in the diplomatic portion of his career, to deal with any international question of the first importance, and his administration of the Department of Commerce and Labor, while characterized by useful achievements in policy and procedure, was without striking features. What he has to say about the activities of the Paris commission of the League to Enforce Peace, at the peace conference, adds something to our knowledge of what went on in Paris at that time. For most readers of the volume, however, we fancy that the greater interest will be found in the record of personal incidents and the allusions to notable people. There are informing glimpses of court formalities and social life at Constantinople, and suggestive comments on the status of Jews in various parts of Europe and on the activities of Christian missionaries in the Near East. That Mr. Straus should have been uniformly acceptable to the

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missionary interests in spite of the divergence of faith is one of his most gratifying claims to remembrance.

Mr. Straus's personal contacts have been wide. His "Origin of the Republican Form of Government," published in 1885, early attracted favorable notice abroad, and he was later one of the principal promoters of the American Society of International Law. He was on terms of special intimacy with Cleveland and Roosevelt, and the little-known history of cabinet meetings is enriched by a number of anecdotes which he records. It was characteristic of his general political independence, and perhaps also of his sense of personal loyalty, that he should have gone with Roosevelt into the Progressive movement, and accepted the nomination for governor which the New York convention of the party thrust upon him, without in either case cherishing any illusions as to the outcome of the revolt.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Problem of Style

The Problem of Style. By J. Middleton Murry. Oxford University Press. $2.20.

THIS is a collection of six lectures delivered in the school of English literature at Oxford, wherein Mr. Murry brings his grain of enlightenment to the consideration of the problem of style with some little clarification and a great deal of entanglement. All those who are somewhat of obscurantists when it comes to the conundrum of theorizing about style will find in these papers adequate support of the belief that the most which can be given us is the individual's conception, and none too lucid at that.

Mr. Murry discards Buffon for Stendhal. "Le style, c'est l'homme même" is altogether too naive for this sophisticated age. "Le style, c'est ajouter à une pensée donnée toutes les circonstances propres à produire tout l'effet que doit produire cette pensée" is much better, though that little word "ought" is a puzzler and leads to no end of speculation. It leads to six lectures.

Yet Mr. Murry takes an extremely common sense attitude toward the whole matter. He forbears to soar in those faery realms of superior criticism, so dear to the hearts of all Frenchmen, dwells rather on the consideration of the hard fact that the writer has something to communicate to his reader and that which best permits communication is the best style. He throws out Arnold's proposition that all great writing is primarily a "criticism of life" as dangerous on the strength of the very passages which Arnold quoted to support his theory. He believes that style is rather a "combination of the maximum of personality with the maximum of impersonality; on the one hand, it is a concentration of peculiar and personal emotion, on the other it is a complete projection of this personal emotion into the created thing." And if this may seem somewhat paradoxical, he repeats later that "to be impersonal is the best way of achieving personality, and it gives him [the writer] far less chance of deceiving himself."

The lecture on Poetry and Prose is masterly and clears up a lot of fol-de-rol about the inviolable wall dividing poetry and prose. Mr. Murry points out that the forms are interchangeable and are more often accepted than chosen, depending upon the taste of the age. Shakespeare, he believes, would have found himself entirely at home in the novel had be lived in the nineteenth century. It follows that a lesser artist who cannot so easily fit himself into the idiom of his period must necessarily be somewhat cramped, but Mr. Murry does not give much thought to the proposition. He is inclined to dismiss the minors with too summary a wave of the hand.

I wonder how many will agree with Mr. Murry's easy assumption that "Shakespeare was, after all, the greatest writer the human race has produced," or that Keats was a "poet of a higher order than Shelley." For this latter statement he builds upon figments of promise only, what Keats wanted to do as revealed in his letters, the objectivity he should have liked to reach. After all, we actually have the last act of "Prometheus Unbound," the great chorus of "Hellas," which are without doubt two of the grandest contributions to the lyric poetry of all time.

The English Bible and the Grand Style is a pretty keen piece of analysis and Mr. Murry brings a good deal of light to bear upon the advice so often given to aspiring young scribblers to study the Bible if they would learn to write beautifully. He believes that no little part of the effect produced by the Bible is due to the original religious predisposition of the reader which lends more significance to passages than can truly be ascribed to the literary style. Far better to play the sedulous ape to Shakespeare, he thinks. But, it seems to me, there is a simplicity, a directness stripped of elaborate detail and metaphor about the Old Testament language that permits one far more easily to study the tremendous force of words than the complex combinations welded together on the anvil of Shakespeare's genius. Shakespeare brought up rich handfuls of pure gold from the highways and the market-places and knew how to use his lavish treasures splendidly, but the husbandry of the inevitable word is nowhere better shown than in the Old Testament.

EDWIN SEAVER

An Argentinian Knight-Errant

Mi Campaña hispano-americana. By Manuel Ugarte. Barcelona. Editorial Cervantes. 1922.

ASIDE from Mexico, the reviewer has no first-hand knowledge of political and social conditions in Latin America; but as a student of Latin-American literature he has become convinced that it is no random accident, nor yet an evidence of incurable Latin-American jealousy and perversity, that literary men to the south of us are almost invariably bitter critics of North American "imperialism." The Latin is an enthusiast, a hothead, a lover of swelling invective, if you wish; but why do his verbal brickbats so generally fly in our direction rather than at the Spain of the conquistadores, the France of Louis Napoleon and Maximilian, the England of the Falklands, British Guiana, and Belize? The Lord endowed not only Anglo-Saxons, but also Spaniards and Indians, with reasoning powers; and if so many of the best minds of Spanish America dislike and fear us, it must be that in our Latin-American contacts we have at least sometimes been unkind and unfair.

In the bulk of their writing, the dislike and fear show themselves in vague rhetoric and random abuse. No race, perhaps, is quite so generally addicted as the Spanish Americans to the weakness of *petitio principii;* which, it is true, is only a phase of the impulsiveness and improvidence which have made it so easy for enterprising Yankees to dictate their policies and appropriate their customs receipts. But there are heartening exceptions. Manuel Ugarte, poet, essayist, novelist, is forceful, sober, responsible. He always writes well, and although he rises occasionally to flights of Latin eloquence, he is never ecstatic and never abusive. He is always careful, and always the gentleman. He would no doubt have deemed it both poor taste and poor judgment to manifest his disapproval of the Northern tyrant by undertaking, as did his fellow-patriot Blanco-Fombona of Venezuela, to chastise a New York policeman. He maintains that he is not anti-Yankee, but only pro-Hispanic. He is, however, courageous. In Barcelona and Cadiz he assures his audiences that the Spanish-American colonies threw off the yoke, not of Spain, but of a certain king's absolutism. In Paris he almost regrets that Maximilian did not hold Mexico (as a check to Yankee imperialism), and quite regrets the failure of the French canal enterprise, for a similar reason. But at Columbia University he repeats frankly in the second person what he told Spaniards and Frenchmen in the third, with the qualifi-

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cation, to which most of us can subscribe, that American aggressions in the Latin countries are not the work of Americans in general, but of certain shrewd interests.

It would seem that nothing could be less like the tactics of these "interests" than the generous Quixotism of the Buenos Aires journalist. On his own responsibility, it appears, and without financial backing, he covered three continents and delivered a hundred addresses, describing a circle, from Barcelona in May, 1910, to Cadiz in January, 1920, and including Paris, New York, Mexico City, and the leading capitals of Central and South America, pleading with Spaniards and French for moral support, with North Americans for fairness and justice, with Latin Americans for union, industry, caution, firmness. He was everywhere given at least a respectful hearing, except in Nicaragua, where the American marines ordered him out of the country—one of those tactical blunders which have hurt the American cause so often, by apparently establishing the shady nature of American activities. These addresses and their written record are a generous effort which can certainly do only good to Americans on both sides of the Rio Grande.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

The Reds Bring Reaction. By W. J. Ghent. Princeton University Press. $1.50.

Ghent is an unhappy socialist who believes that all other socialists are out of step. "The cause of Socialism is still my cause," he says, after belaboring all socialists but himself in the columns of the Morgan-aided *Weekly Review* and *Independent* in essays here reprinted. The I.W.W., the Socialist Party, the Socialist Labor Party, the Communists, the radicals, the liberals, everybody has failed to agree with Ghent. But for these, Ghent seems to feel, he might have reformed America. As it is he concludes that "capitalism promotes political democracy" and constitutes satisfactory *modus vivendi.*

Things Near and Far. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

The spiritual autobiography of a Grub Street mystic. Beautifully written in the style now familiar to American readers.

Giving and Receiving. By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Mr. Lucas devotes an essay on The Five Chief Cities of Italy to a description of the national passion for Lotto. Such is the method of one of the few men who is really master of the much-abused art of the familiar essay.

Conquistador. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

As good a romance of adventure as is likely to be written by a sheltered lady with considerable technical adroitness.

Art

Cézanne

PAUL CÉZANNE, the artist about whom the world of art is so much exercised these days, came from an Italian family of poor folk which had emigrated to France in the eighteenth century, to seek its fortune. His father was of Aix-en-Provence, where Paul also was born, and rose in time to be one of the leading and richest citizens of that little town. He objected strongly and shrewdly to his son's interest in drawing and painting, for he saw no material advantages in such pursuits. But his wife was not of his peasant breed, and Elizabeth Aubert with her Creole temperament wanted her boy to be another Veronese or Rubens, for these also were named Paul. There was much a to-do in the Cézanne home because of this difference between the parents, but in the end the mother had her way. She had an egocentric nature, and her son was blessed or cursed with a like disposition. It thus happened that the boy who had been an enigma to his father became, in after years, an enigma to the critics. But Paul Cézanne, the boy apprentice to art, no more troubled himself about his father's opinion than did Cézanne the master artist about his critics' opinions. He went his way and had that way all to himself.

M. Ambroise Vollard, the well-known connoisseur and Cézanne enthusiast, and the author of this sketch of Cézanne's life and art* tells us of the artist's school days and his friendship with Zola, who was also of Aix, and with whom Cézanne formed a close friendship which endured until the vanity of the man of letters was no longer bearable to the simple and honest nature of the painter. M. Vollard reveals the difficulties which Cézanne experienced in his efforts to obtain an entry into the Salon, and tells of his struggles against an almost concerted refusal of officialdom to put the stamp of its approval on his work. These facts have been history for years, but their recital now affords food for thought when we contrast the ridicule which was then heaped on Cézanne with the praise which his work now receives. There must be a strange power in this man's genius which has so moved the world to extremes of depreciation at one time and appreciation at another. M. Vollard has nothing to say on this matter. He is not a critic of art, but a dealer in works of art. His method of valuation is quantitative and not qualitative, so that his Life and Art of Cézanne is of the order of "ana" rather than of biography or criticism. Yet his brochure has an interest of its own which justifies its existence.

It tells a story of devotion on the part of M. Vollard which is strangely at variance with the customs and habits of the more modern adventurers in the business of art, and reveals an insight on his part which is almost uncanny. When a picture dealer has the courage which M. Vollard evinced in holding the exhibition of Cézanne's work in his galleries on the rue Lafayette, he deserves all the success and all praise. For that courage was charged with an enthusiasm which is akin to love. He championed this despised and rejected of men in the spirit of the religious fanatic, and risked his all on his faith. Despite the jeers and sneers of his contemporaries, M. Vollard has lived to see his faith justified and to reap the golden harvest which his shrewdness or his understanding or his intuition urged him to anticipate.

In 1895 people came to Vollard's windows to look at the "nightmares of atrocities in art" displayed there, as they would have gone to a circus or a raree-show. The honest vision of the painter of the pictures exhibited on the rue Lafayette was met by an equally honest vision of the crowd, and the crowd roared with mocking laughter. Even Huysmans shrieked that Cézanne was "an artist with diseased retinae who, exasperated by a faulty vision, has discovered the prodromes of a new art." In 1904 it was no better. The critics said that Cézanne chose "to daub paint on a canvas and spread it around with a comb or a toothbrush"; that he didn't know the first principles of art; that his work "might have been produced by a Zulu islander"; that his "daubed portraits bear witness to a fatal impotence"; that the room in which his pictures were hung was a chamber of horrors. But in 1912 he was "magnificent monster," and in 1923 people fought each other in the auction rooms to possess one of his paintings. Such is the way of the world of art, and those dealers who, like M. Vollard, have the foresight and the enthusiasm and the patience and who live long enough are to be pardoned if they relieve themselves of their surcharged vanity in being also among the prophets. This is the best that can be said of this book which as literature is negligible, and as a specimen of book-making far from distinguished.

TEMPLE SCOTT

* *Paul Cézanne, His Life and Art.* By Ambroise Vollard. Translated by Harold L. Van Doren. Nicholas L. Brown. $3.

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International Relations Section

Russia's New Constitution

THE constitution adopted at the session of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics in Moscow on July 6 (published in the Moscow *Izvestia* of July 7) is an enlargement and an elaboration of the Convention Creating the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics signed in Moscow on December 30, 1922, by the representatives of the several republics (published in *The Nation* of January 31, 1923).

The new constitution is divided into two parts, the first part consisting of the Declaration on the Creation of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (published in full in *The Nation* of January 31, last). The second part follows:

The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic (RSFSR), the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic (USSR), the White Russian Socialist Soviet Republic (BSSR), and the Transcaucasian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic (Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia) are concluding the present treaty on their consolidation into one united state—the "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics."

ARTICLE I

ON THE SCOPE OF THE HIGHEST ORGANS OF AUTHORITY OF THE UNION OF SSR

1. The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics in the person of its highest organs of authority embraces in its scope: (a) Representation of the Union in its international relations, conduct of all diplomatic relations, conclusion of political and other treaties with foreign states; (b) changes in the foreign frontiers of the Union and also the regulation of questions relating to changes of frontiers between the several republics of the Union; (c) conclusion of treaties on the admission of new republics into the Union; (d) declaration of war and conclusion of peace; (e) making internal and foreign state loans for the Union of SSR and the confirmation of internal and foreign loans made by any of the uniting republics; (f) ratification of international treaties; (g) conducting the foreign trade and establishment of the system of internal trade; (h) establishment of the bases and the general plan of the entire public economy of the Union, taking charge of those branches of industry and separate industrial plants which are of importance for the Union as a whole, conclusion of treaties granting concessions in the name of the Union, as well as in the name of the several republics; (i) regulation of the transport and the postal and telegraph service; (j) organization and command of the armed forces of the Union; (k) confirmation of a unified state budget for the Union containing the budgets of the several republics, establishment of a system of taxes and other incomes for the whole Union as well as the deductions and allowances for the budgets of the several republics, and the issuance of permissions for substitutional taxes and duties for the budgets of the several republics; (l) establishment of a unified coinage and credit system; (m) establishment of unified land regulations and regulations for the use of mines, forests, and waters in the whole territory of the Union; (n) legislation on migration between the several uniting republics and the establishment of the migration fund; (o) establishment of the bases of the judicial organization and of court proceedings, as well as of the civil and criminal law of the Union; (p) establishment of constitutional laws on labor; (q) establishment of general principles of public education; (r) establishment of common measures in the field of public health; (s) establishment of a common system of weights and measures; (t) organization of statistical work for the entire Union; (u) constitutional legislation concerning citizenship in the Union and in respect to the rights of foreigners; (v) the right of general amnesty extending over the entire territory of the Union; (w) repeal of such decisions of congresses of the Soviets, central executive committees, and councils of people's commissars of the separate republics as are in violation of this constitution; (x) decision on conflicts which may arise between the united republics.

2. Only the Congress of the Soviets of the Union has the right to confirm, change, or amend the bases of this constitution.

ARTICLE II

ON THE SOVEREIGN RIGHTS OF THE SEVERAL REPUBLICS AND UNION CITIZENSHIP

3. The sovereignty of the several republics is abridged only within the limits defined by this constitution and only in regard to matters within the scope of the Union. Outside of this scope each of the united republics enjoys its independent state power; the Union of SSR guarantees the sovereignty of the several republics.

4. Each of the uniting republics has the right of seceding from the Union.

5. The several republics are amending their constitutions to agree with the present constitution.

6. The territory of the several republics cannot be changed without their consent; the consent of all united republics must be had for any change, limitation, or the repeal of section 4 of this constitution.

7. A uniform citizenship is established for the citizens of the several republics.

ARTICLE III

ON THE CONGRESS OF THE SOVIETS OF THE UNION SSR

8. The highest organ of authority of the Union of SSR is the Congress of the Soviets of the Union of SSR and, during the periods between congresses, the Central Executive Committee of the Union which is made up of the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities.

9. The Congress of the Soviets of the Union of SSR is made up of the delegates of city soviets, each delegate representing 25,000 voters, and of delegates of provincial conventions of soviets, each delegate representing 125,000 population.

10. Delegates to the Congress of the Soviets of the Union are elected at the provincial conventions of the soviets. In those republics where there are no provincial divisions, the delegates are elected at the congress of the soviets of the republic.

11. Regular congresses of the soviets of the Union are convened by the Central Executive Committee of the Union once during the year; extraordinary congresses are convened by the CEC either by its own decision, or upon the demand of the Union Council, or the Council of Nationalities, or two republics included in the Union.

12. Under extraordinary conditions hindering the convention of the congress at the appointed time, the Central Executive Committee of the Union has the right to postpone the congress.

ARTICLE IV

ON THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE UNION OF SSR

13. The Central Executive Committee of the Union is made up of the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities.

14. The Congress of the Soviets of the Union elects the Union Council to be composed of 371 members representing the United republics proportionately to their population.

15. The Council of Nationalities is composed of representatives of the united and autonomous socialist soviet republics, each of the united and autonomous republics being represented by five members, and each of the autonomous provinces of the RSFSR being represented by one member. The full body of members of the Council of Nationalities is to be confirmed by the Congress of the Soviets of the Union. Note: The autonomous

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republics Adjaria and Abhasia and the autonomous province South-Osetia are represented in the Council of Nationalities by one member each.

16. The Union Council and the Council of Nationalities pass on laws, codes, and regulations submitted to them by the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars of the Union, by the several people's commissariats of the Union, by the central executive committees of the several republics, and also on those originated within the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities.

17. The Central Executive Committee of the Union of SSR issues codes, decrees, regulations, and orders, consolidates the legislative and administrative work of the Union, and defines the scope of the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee and of the Council of People's Commissars.

18. All decrees and regulations determining the general rules of the political and economic life of the Union of SSR, as well as those which bring radical changes into the present practice of the state organs of the Union, must be submitted to the discussion and approval of the CEC of the Union.

19. All decrees, regulations, and orders of the CEC of the Union must be executed directly on the whole territory of the Union.

20. The CEC of the Union of SSR has the right to repeal and annul decrees, regulations, and orders of the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union, as well as those of the congresses of the soviets and central executive committees of the several republics and other organs of power acting within the territory of the Union of SSR.

21. Regular sessions of the Central Executive Committee of the Union are convened by the Praesidium of the CEC three times a year. Extraordinary sessions are held by the decision of the Praesidium of the Union Council, or the Praesidium of Council of Nationalities, or upon the demand of the central executive committee of one of the republics.

22. Legislative bills which are submitted to the CEC take effect only after they have been approved both by the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities and published by the CEC of the Union.

23. When there arises a difference of opinion between the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities, then the question is submitted to the decision of an arbitration board elected by both bodies.

24. If the arbitration board reaches no agreement, the question is submitted to a joint session of the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities, and if no majority of either the Union Council or the Council of Nationalities is reached, then the question may be submitted, upon the demand of either of these two bodies, to the decision of the regular or an extraordinary Congress of the Union of SSR.

25. The Union Council and the Council of Nationalities elect their praesidiums consisting of seven members each to prepare for their sessions and carry on their work.

26. In periods between sessions of the Central Executive Committee the highest authority of the Union is represented by the Praesidium of the CEC of the Union to be made up of twenty-one members and organized by the CEC in such manner as to include all the members of the praesidiums of both the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities.

27. The CEC elects four presidents to represent the four uniting republics. The presidents are selected from the members of the Praesidium of the CEC of the Union.

28. The Central Executive Committee of the Union is responsible to the Congress of the soviets of the Union.

ARTICLE V

On the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union

29. The Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union represents in periods between sessions of the CEC, the highest legislative, executive, and regulating organ of the Union.

30. The Praesidium of the CEC of the Union takes care that the constitution of the Union and the decrees of the Congress of the soviets and of the central executive committee of the Union be executed by all authorities.

31. The Praesidium of the CEC of the Union has the right to repeal the decrees of the Council of People's Commissars and the several people's commissariats, as well as those of the central executive committees and the commissariats of the several republics.

32. The Praesidium of the CEC of the Union has the right to repeal the decisions of the congresses of the soviets of the several republics, but is obliged to submit such decisions to the subsequent discussion and approval by the Central Executive Committee of the Union.

33. The Praesidium of the CEC of the Union issues decrees, regulations, and orders, passes on and confirms projects of decrees and regulations submitted to it by the Council of People's Commissars and the several authorities of the Union, by the central executive committees of the several republics, their praesidiums and other authorities.

34. Decrees and decisions of the Central Executive Committees, its praesidium, and the Council of People's Commissars of the Union are printed in the languages which are in general use in the allied republics (Russian, Ukrainian, White-Russian, Georgian, Armenian, Turk-Tartar).

35. The Praesidium of the CEC of the Union decides upon the questions pertaining to the mutual relations between the Council of People's Commissars and the several people's commissariats of the Union on one hand, and the central executive committees and their praesidiums of the several republics on the other hand.

36. The Praesidium of the CEC of the Union is responsible to the CEC of the Union.

ARTICLE VI

On the Council of People's Commissars of the Union

37. The Council of People's Commissars is the executive and regulating organ of the Central Executive Committee of the Union elected by the latter, and consists of the Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars of the Union, Vice-Chairman of the Council, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, People's Commissar for Military and Naval Affairs, People's Commissar of Foreign Trade, People's Commissar of Transportation, People's Commissar of Posts and Telegraph, People's Commissar of Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, Chairman of the Highest Council of Public Economy, People's Commissar of Labor, People's Commissar of Food, People's Commissar of Finances.

38. Within the limits of the rights reserved to it by the CEC of the Union, and on the strength of a special regulation, the Council of People's Commissars of the Union issues decrees and regulations which must be executed on the entire territory of the Union.

39. The Council of People's Commissars of the Union examines the decrees and regulations submitted by the several people's commissariats of the Union and by the central executive committees of the united republics and their praesidiums.

40. The Council of People's Commissars of the Union is responsible for all its activities to the CEC of the Union and to its praesidium.

41. The decrees and regulations of the Council of People's Commissars of the Union can be repealed and annulled by the CEC of the Union and by its praesidium.

42. The central executive committees of the allied republics may enter protests against decrees and decisions of the Council of People's Commissars of the Union with the Praesidium of the CEC of the Union, without, however, stopping their execution.

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ARTICLE VII

On the Supreme Court of the Union

43. For the purpose of affirming the revolutionary law on the territory of the Union, a Supreme Court is created in conjunction with the CEC of the Union with the following functions; (a) To give the supreme courts of the several republics explanations on questions pertaining to Union legislation; (b) to examine, upon the suggestion of the leading prosecuting attorney, the decisions and verdicts of the supreme courts of the several republics and enter protests against such with the CEC of the Union whenever such decisions and verdicts are in violation of the Union laws or in conflict with the interests of the other republics; (c) to decide, upon presentations from the CEC of the Union, on the legality, from the standpoint of the constitution, of any decrees and regulations of the several republics; (d) to render decisions in legal conflicts between the allied republics; (e) to try the highest functionaries of the Union in cases of accusations of crimes committed in their official capacity.

44. The Supreme Court of the Union acts through (a) the plenary session of the Supreme Court of the Union, (b) the civil court and criminal court boards of the Supreme Court of the Union, and (c) the military and military-transport board.

45. In its plenary session the Supreme Court of the Union is made up of eleven members, including one chairman, one vice-chairman, the four chairmen of the plenary sessions of the supreme courts of the allied republics and one chairman of the United State political department of the Union. The chairman, vice-chairman, and other five members are appointed by the Praesidium of the CEC of the Union.

46. The Prosecuting Attorney of the Supreme Court of the Union and his assistant are appointed by the Praesidium of the CEC of the Union. The functions of the Prosecuting Attorney are: to render opinions in all questions which are submitted to the decision of the Supreme Court, to act as prosecutor at the sessions of the Supreme Court, and, when, according to his opinion, the Supreme Court has rendered a decision which is not right, to enter his protest against such decision with the praesidium of the CEC of the Union.

47. The submission of the questions enumerated in section 43 to the decision of the plenary session of the Supreme Court of the Union can take place only through the initiative of the CEC of the Union, its Praesidium, the Prosecuting Attorney of the Supreme Courts, the prosecuting attorneys of the several republics, and the United States Political Department of the Union.

48. The plenary sessions of the Supreme Court form court boards for the trying of (a) criminal and civil cases of extraordinary importance which, in their content, touch upon the interests of two or more of the allied republics, (b) cases against members of the CEC and Council of People's Commissars of the Union.

The Supreme Court of the Union may start proceedings in such cases only upon the separate presentation of the CEC of the Union or its Praesidium in each case.

ARTICLE VIII

On the People's Commissariats of the Union of SSR

49. For the purpose of managing the several branches of State administration which are reserved to the scope of the Council of People's Commissars of the Union, ten people's commissariats are formed, in accordance with section 37 of this constitution, which carry out their functions on the basis of regulations confirmed by the CEC of the Union.

50. The people's commissariats of the Union are divided into (a) exclusive people's commissariats for the whole Union of SSR, and (b) united people's commissariats of the Union.

51. The exclusive people's commissariats of the Union are the following: the commissariats for foreign affairs, military and naval affairs, foreign trade, transportation, posts and telegraph.

52. The united people's commissariats of the Union are the following: the Highest Council of Public Economy, the commissariats of food, labor, finances, and workers' and peasants' inspection.

53. The exclusive people's commissariats of the Union have in the several republics their representatives who are responsible to them.

54. The organs of the united people's commissariats in the several republics are the respective people's commissariats of those republics.

55. The people's commissariats of the Union are headed by the members of the Council of People's Commissars of the Union—the people's commissars of the Union.

56. Each people's commissar presides over the board attached to his commissariat and appointed by the Council of People's Commissars.

57. The people's commissar has the right to make independent decisions in all questions entering into the scope of his commissariat, but he is obliged to inform the board of his decisions. In case the board or any member of the board does not agree with the decision of the people's commissar, they may enter their protest with the Council of People's Commissars, without, however stopping the execution of the contested decision.

58. The orders of the several people's commissariats of the Union may be stopped by the Praesidium of the CEC and by the Council of People's Commissiariats of the Union.

59. Orders issued by the People's Commissars of the Union may be stopped by the central executive committees or by the praesidiums of the central executive committees of the several republics only in special cases when such orders are clearly opposed to decisions of the Council of People's Commissars or of the CEC of the Union. When such an order is stopped the fact should be immediately reported by the CEC or the Praesidium of the CEC of the republic to the Council of People's Commissars of the Union and to the appropriate People's Commissar of the Union.

60. The people's commissars of the Union are responsible to the Council of People's Commissars of the Union and to the CEC of the Union and its Praesidium.

ARTICLE IX

On the United State Political Department

61. In order to unite the efforts of the allied republics in their struggle against the political and economic counter-revolution and against espionage and brigandage, a common organ of State Political Management is created in conjunction with the Council of People's Commissars of the Union, the chairman of this Department entering the Council of People's Commissars of the Union with the right of advisory vote.

62. The United State Political Department of the Union carries on the activities of the local organs of the State Political branches through its representatives in the councils of people's commissars of the several republics acting in accordance with a special regulation to be confirmed in the order of legislation.

63. The control over the legality of the actions of the United State Political Department is carried out by the Prosecuting Attorney of the Union in accordance with a special regulation to be issued by the CEC of the Union.

ARTICLE X

On the Allied Republics

64. Within the territory of each of the allied republics the highest organ of authority is represented by the congress of the soviets of the republic and, in periods between congresses, by their central executive committees.

65. The mutual relations between the highest authorities of the several republics and the highest authorities of the Union of SSR are established by this constitution.

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66. The central executive committees of the allied republics elect their praesidiums to act as the highest authorities in periods between sessions of the central executive committees.

67. The central executive committees of the allied republics form their executive organs, the councils of people's commissars to be made up of the Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, Vice-Chairman of the Council, Chairman of the Highest Council of Public Economy, People's Commissar of Agriculture, People's Commissar of Food, People's Commissar of Finances, People's Commissar of Labor, People's Commissar of Internal Affairs, People's Commissar of Justice, People's Commissar of Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, People's Commissar of Public Education, People's Commissar of Public Health, People's Commissar of Social Maintenance, and also, with advisory vote, of representatives of the Union Commissariats of Foreign Affairs, of Military and Naval Affairs, of Foreign Trade, of Transportation, and of Posts and Telegraph.

68. The highest council of public economy and the commissariats of food, finances, labor, and workers' and peasants' inspection of each of the several republics are directly subordinate to the central executive committees and the councils of people's commissars of the several republics, and are guided in their activities by the decision of the corresponding people's commissariats of the Union.

69. The right of amnesty as well as the right of pardon and rehabilitation of citizens condemned by the judicial or administrative organs of the several republics is reserved to the central executive committees of the several republics.

ARTICLE XI

ON THE COAT OF ARMS, THE FLAG, AND THE CAPITAL OF THE UNION OF SSR

70. The coat of arms of the Union of SSR consists of a sickle and hammer framed by spikes of wheat with the inscription "Workers of all countries, unite" in the six languages enumerated in section 34. In the top part of the coat of arms is the five-pointed star.

71. The flag of the Union of SSR is made of scarlet or purple red cloth with the representation of the coat of arms on it.

72. The capital of the Union of SSR is the city of Moscow.

Mexico Pensions a Political Prisoner

THE attitude of the people of Mexico in regard to political prisoners in the United States may be judged from the fact that the state of San Luis Potosí recently voted a pension to Librado Rivera, serving a fifteen-year sentence in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Rivera was not convicted of any overt act but of an expression of opinion in a manifesto issued in conjunction with Ricardo Flores Magoñ. The latter died in prison. Rivera was not included in the group of political prisoners to whom release on parole was recently offered. The decree granting him a pension (which he has declined to receive) follows:

The citizen Rafael Nieto, Constitutional Governor of the Free and Sovereign State of San Luis Potosí, to its inhabitants, makes known:

That the XXVII Constitutional Congress of the Free and Sovereign State of San Luis Potosí decrees the following:

DECREE NUMBER 129

The Constitutional Congress of the Free and Sovereign State of San Luis Potosí decrees the following:

Article First—It is conceded to the citizen Librado Rivera, now in prison in the United States by reason of his advanced ideas, a pension of $150 national gold monthly, on charge of the revenue of the state.

Article Second—He will enjoy this pension only during his actual imprisonment. It shall be understood by the Executive of the State, and he shall publish it, circulate, and obey.

Issued in San Luis Potosí on the fourth day of the month of May, 1923. D. P., Lamberto Rocha; D. S., José Fraga; D. S., Alfredo E. Garza.

Therefore, I command to be fulfilled and executed the present decree and that all the authorities make it effective and take care of, and to that effect be it printed, published, and circulated to whom it may concern.

Issued in the Palace of the Executive Power of San Luis Potosí on the 8th day of the month of May, nineteen hundred and twenty-three, Rafael Nieto; General Secretary of the Government, A. Silva.

THESE UNITED STATES

ILLINOIS

First Province of the Middle Kingdom

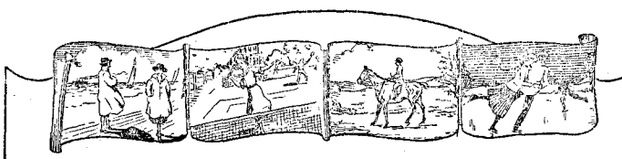
by

Howard Vincent O'Brien

Author of "Trodden Gold"

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF

The Nation



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